NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER—DEVOTED TO THE RING, THE TURF, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, YACHTING, AQUATICS, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC, &c., &c.

NO. 2.---VOL. 2. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1854. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THE LIFE AND BATTLES

OF

JEM. WARD,

FIRST INTRODUCTED TO THE MILLING WORLD AS THE BLACK DIAMNOD

OF THE EAST, AND, FOR A FEW MONTHS, VIEWED AS

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

From a work published in England in 1828, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Ward was called upon by the Chairman of the meeting convened for the purpose of investigating the circumstances respecting the termination of the fight published in our last, to state the particulars: he said, "That as he was riding with his backer to Walton, he asked him (Ward) how much he would get by the fight? He told his backer that he had been promised by several gentlemen, small sums, if he had won it, amounting to £70. My backer said I must lose, and he would give me £80. I said I would not lose it; then he replied I should have £100."

Mr. Watson, in reply, denied it, and produced a certificate signed by Ward, that he had done the best to win the battle; that Ward went with him in a hackney-coach before a justice of the peace in Hatton Garden; but the magistrate refused to let him swear to such a document.

"HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, Oct. 23, 1822.

"This is to certify, the undermentioned is the statement I made oath to, as the true and real fact of my fight on Tuesday last with Abbot. I did my best to win the fight, and I know it was the blow received in the neck that prevented it. I never had money offered me by any individual to lose the fight; had I won, I should have received, through previous offers, one hundred and twenty pounds. At the time I received the blow, I was unsensed, so much so, that I did not hear the time called.

"JAMES WARD.

"Witness.—THOS. WATSON,
ROBT. FRESHFIELD,
EDW. PAULIN."

Here a gentleman observed, that to wish a man to commit a *cross*, was not to be compared with the crime of adding perjury to it.

Ward again shed tears, stating that as he lay in bed in the morning, at the house of his backer, the latter person came up to him in a great flurry, and said, "Ward, if you do not stick to it now, nay, swear to it, that you have lost the battle fairly, we shall not get the money;" and his backer also told him to complain of his back, and to walk lame, if any gentleman should see him: he did so accordingly, as he thought he must do everything his backer told him.

Mr. Freshfield and Captain P—— stated to the meeting, that they had asked Ward in the morning at the house of his backer, if it was a fair fight? He answered, "Yes; and that he had done his best to win the battle." It was also observed that Ward had several times, in the course of the evening, wished to leave the room, in order to avoid the investigation.

The backer of Ward, Mr. Watson, declared he believed the battle to be a cross; but at the same time he pledged his honor, nay, he would take his oath that he was not privy to such a circumstance. He had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain by such an event. He was well known to the Sporting World—his character was now before them; and he defied any person to prove that he had won any considerable sum, so as to have induced him to act like such a fool and a scoundrel. On the contrary, he had backed Ward, and he trusted the battle money would not be given up.

The gentleman who backed Abbot said he would not receive the money; but, nevertheless, he thought Abbot ought to have something done for him, as it did not appear that he had acted wrongly. (Great applause)

Mr. T. Belcher said, that, previously to the battle, he had heard that something was wrong; and he mentioned it to Mr. Watson, who immediately laid him the odds on Ward.

Before the question was put, Ward was again called when he persisted, or to use his own word, said, "It was a proper fair cross. That he was ignorant in the ways of the world, not use to company nor to drink wine. His backer had also endeavored to make him tipsey the night before fighting, saying, 'Never mind, Ward, you have but little work to do to-morrow; therefore it is of no consequence how much you drink.' As he hoped to go to Heaven hereafter, whatever he had done wrong was according to the directions of his backer, and not his inclination. He had told nothing to-night but the truth, and he was without a shilling. He also wished to inform the company, that Mr. Watson said, if he did not swear to it, he should lose £300 in the country, and he wrote a letter to that effect; but shortly afterwards he tore it all to pieces in a passion."

Mr. Watson again protested that he had no knowledge of the cross; and, as to the letter, it had nothing to do with the subject, but was intended for a lady.

It was suggested to the Chairman, on putting the question, that no person ought to vote who had bets on the fight; but the backer of Ward said, that every person present ought to give his vote.

It was carried unanimously, that the battle between Ward and Abbot was a cross; the backer of Ward holding up his hand that it was in his opinion a cross.

Tom Cribb, in a very animated manner, came forward and said that he had never done wrong in his life; and that Ward was a poor, ignorant young man, and he believed he had been led away; and so, that he had told the truth;—as a proof of his opinion, he should make him a present of a sovereign; as it was high time a stop should be put to such crosses. Several gentlemen followed the Champion's example.

The meeting then separated. We were informed, by the President of the Daffy Club, who held the stakes of £50 aside, that he had been scarcely tucked up in bed, past twelve o'clock on Wednesday night, when he was knocked up by Mr. Watson, and, on answering him, the latter said, the fight between Abbot and Ward had been proved a cross; and desired the President of the D. C. not to give up the money.

The following letter, connected with the above subject, was left at the Office of the Dispatch:

"FRIDAY MORNING, Oct. 25.

"MR. EGAN; I will thank you to have the goodness, should Mr. Harmer not see you when he calls this morning, to take or send to him the statement of that ungrateful fellow, Ward---you have it. I beg to assure you I have not the least objection to your publishing anything you can prove against me; at the same time must think it unfriendly and unmanly to lay before the public your bare thoughts to my prejudice and injury, or even what other gentlemen, who, like myself, have lost their money, may please to think. I have done everything openly, to satisfy yourself and the public; and the men in the same situation as myself, who ought to have supported me while endeavoring to save their money with my own, I find the first to reward a man who has publicly declared himself dishonest, and not worthy of belief. My motive in calling on you this morning is in consequence of what I have read in the public papers this morning. "Your humble servant,

"T. WATSON."

Monday, Nov. 4, 1822, a meeting to take place at Tattersall's, respecting the avowed cross on the part of Ward, when, after a great deal of chaffing and murmuring amongst the betters, the President of the D. C., who held the stakes, offered, before witnesses, the £50 aside to each of the backers. This offer was refused on the part of the backers. The President immediately put the £100 into his pocket, and left Tattersall's. It was then agreed, that the whole of the affair should be laid before the P. C. and Mr. Jackson; and their decision should be final. Several members of the P. C., who were at Tattersall's, gave an extra-judicial opinion, that as both of the backers had publicly avowed it to be a cross, ultimately it must be declared a draw; and that no bets would be paid. It is only fair to state, that the backer of Ward said, if he received the money, he would give it up to Abbot: and the backer of Abbot also publicly declared, that if Mr. Jackson decided in favor of Abbot, he should, most certainly, receive upon the event!

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR,—Placing the most implicit reliance on the integrity of Mr. W., I freely backed Ward against Abbot, having the fullest confidence in his superiority as a boxer; but my imagination will not convey to me language forcible enough to give a just idea how disappointed I was, when I first heard that Mr. W. was the leading character in one of the most unsporting like occurrences that has taken place within any recollection of the Prize Ring. I agree with the honest Old Lion, Cribb, that the unexperienced youth has been imposed upon; and I take this opportunity of giving Mr. Cribb credit for his noble conduct, in subscribing a sovereign for Ward, which, I believe, was followed by many other gentlemen present at the sporting house where the meeting took place. Mr. W. was present, and I understand, held up his hand (honest man!) that it was, he believed a cross;—but the mask is off, and Mr. W.'s just features appear. No person, that I have been with will receive a shilling. Can you find a corner for your constant reader,

Nov. 4, 1823. FAIR PLAY?

P. S.—I would have troubled you with a line before this, but illness prevented me.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

RADCLIFF, Oct. 29, 1823.

SIR.—Perceiving my signature attached to an instrument for the purpose of being sworn to by Ward, and that signature having being obtained under circumstances very questionable, as to the means resorted to by Mr. Watson for giving credit to the document, I feel it my bounden duty not only to protest against my name appearing as giving sanction to that document,, but I must likewise add, it was obtained without my having the remotest idea of the purpose it was intended to serve.—I herewith enclose a letter, shewing that it was business connected with my profession that called me to the west end of the town, on Wednesday morning last; having transacted which, I was on my return down Bond street, when, at the end, in Piccadilly, I saw Mr. Watson in conversation with a gentleman, when he signified, by a motion of his hand, that he wished me to stop, and speak to him. I therefore waited until that gentleman left him; when he came up, and asked me how I did: he told me, that the man he had backed on the day before had lost the fight. I asked him who had been fighting, for I positively did not know. He replied, Ward and Abbot, and that Ward had lost; and he (Mr. W.) had lost between sixty and seventy pounds. He then asked me if I was particularly engaged for half an hour. I replied, "No;" having concluded the business (as you will see by the time specified in the enclosed letter) which had brought me into that quarter. He then said, that he was so sure that the fight was a cross, that he would make Ward swear he lost it fairly, before he would pay his bets; and he wished me to go with him. I said, "For what purpose do you wish me to go?" He replied, "Merely for your own curiosity, to hear what the man says." I then consented; when he told me, that he had detained Ward at his house, being unwilling to let him go, so sure was he that something was wrong. He then asked me to walk in, and shewed me into a room, while he went above to fetch down Ward. When he came, Mr. W. sent for a coach to the door; the man appearing to me unable to walk. A short time before the coach arrived, a gentleman came in, whom I afterwards understood to be Mr. Freshfield; and Mr. W. asked him to go, as he had before requested of me. When in the coach, Mr. W. ordered to be driven to Hatton Garden. Arrived there, Mr. W. said, "If you will wait here (the corner of the street,) I will step over to the Office and see the Clerk;" which he did. On his return, he told us, that he must reduce to writing what he wished the man to swear to, and take it over to the office; for which purpose he took us into a public house close by, and asked for pens, ink, and paper, which were brought to him. Mr. W. began to write, but handed the paper over to Mr. Freshfield, who wrote down the man's answers to such questions as Mr. W. dictated, the substance of which you are acquainted with. Mr. W. then asked me to put some questions to Ward, which I declined. The paper was then handed to Ward to sign; from him to Mr. Watson; from Mr. W. to Mr. Freshfield; and then to me; upon which I declined signing, telling Mr. W. that not having anything to do with it, or any knowledge of such transactions, I was averse to being in anyway made a party to it, saying, that he had merely brought me there for my own curiosity. I likewise said, that two witnesses were quite sufficient; upon which Mr. Freshfield replied, that three would be more respectable, and that he did not consider it much for one gentleman to ask of another, and that it would be doing Mr. W. a service. I then witnessed it, and asked if anything more was wanted of me; being replied to in the negative, I left them. I have thought it necessary, for my own justification, thus to enter into detail, and hope to convince the Public that I had not any connexion in this or any other transaction with those whose signatures are coupled with mine. I have now only to beg you will excuse the trouble I give you in requesting an insertion of this letter. I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours, much obliged,
EDWARD PAULIN.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR.—I trust you will excuse my obtruding upon you in requesting the insertion of a letter from me, whom I hope the Sporting World will consider as much sinned against as sinning. My late fight with Abbot having given rise to so much, I may say much merited animadversion, I hope in extenuation some consideration may be made for my inexperience in the world, and too great a reliance on those who have seduced and deceived me. Had I taken the advice of my trainer, in lieu of lending a too ready credence to the apparent friendly promises of my backer, I should not have to deplore the commitment of an act which has caused me the most bitter regret. I should be most happy, by way of retrieving in some degree the credit I have lost, to fight Abbot again for the present stakes. If I ask too much in this I am willing to meet him in the same ring with Hudson and Shelton, on the 19th instant, for a purse, or even for love.

I am, Sir, with the greatest respect,
Your obliged servant,
Nov. 12, 1822 JAMES WARD.

To the Editor of the Dispatch.

SIR,—Having already, in my letter which you did me the favor to insert in the Dispatch of the 27 ult. positively denied the base assertion of Ward, as to my seducing him to lose his battle with Abbot, and being most anxious to avoid anything like a newspaper discussion, I had determined not further to notice the subject; but as I find some insidious reports are still propagated to excite a prejudice against me, I once more, and for the last time beg your indulgence, to insert the following facts and observations:—

In the report published in your journal, of the proceedings at the One Tun, I am represented to have said, that "I defied any one to prove that I had won any considerable sum by Ward's loseing." This is erroneous, for I declared then, as I have ever since done, and now do, that every shilling I betted on the event was in favor of Ward:—thus, so far from the insinuation which your reporters account would convey, that I had been a winner, I lost all my bets by Ward's defeat. This not only appeared by my book (which I produced at Tattersall's), but is confirmed, by no one individual standing forward to assert that I had any sum or bet whatever in favor of Abbot; although now abundant time has been afforded for such proof, if any such could have been offered. My interest therefore, being palpably in favor of Ward winning the fight, the proof that I seduced him to commit a cross would require, as I should think, to be supported by strong, irrefragible, and unpolluted testimony; and some motive ought also to be shewn for my acting so diametrically opposite to my interests; but, instead of this being the case, the only evidence against me is the unsupported assertion of Ward—the man, who, from his own confession, is so base as to be wholly unworthy of credit; and so far from any advantage or incentive being proved, for my acting as he describes none is even suggested.

Let me now beg that Ward's conduct and statement may be examined; In the first place, he represents that no intimation was made to him, until the day before the fight, that it was wished he should lose. Now, if any cross was intended, is it likely that the principal person who was to be consulted should not be spoken to, and his decision ascertained, until the very eve, as it were, of the battle; and when, of course, it was too late to make any very great advantage by knowing his mind? He says, he was told he should have £100 if he lost the fight. Now, as the battle was altogether one of minor interest, and, so far as I can learn, an event on which no great betting took place, how then could it be worth while to make such an offer, and especially when the fight was so near at hand? Again, is it probable that a man, who was to gain as much by winning as he says he was offered for losing, would, in addition to forfeiting his honor and his fame, have thrown away the certainty for the shadow, and, instead of receiving the battle money, presents, &c., as he knew he must if he won, would be satisfied with the mere promise of a man, who by making such a proposition, was unworthy of all confidence? In the next place, he represents what passed as being rather a loose conversation than a serious application made to him, and a positive engagement and promise on his part to lose. I ask, is this natural? He admits that he did not remonstrate, or show any reluctance to yield to the proposition, and thus shows he is entirely void of all honorable and proper feeling; and if it was intended to bet largely, with a knowledge that there was to be a cross—would any man who was negotiating for such an event have been satisfied, without receiving a positive and full assurance that the party who was to be bet against would lose?

It will be recollected, that Ward had voluntarily offered to swear that he had done his best to win the fight, and that he went to the Police Office to take his oath to that effect; that when he first went to the One Tun, he positively and repeatedly asserted the same thing; and it was not until after he had been told, "that he should never fight again unless he acknowledged it was a cross; but should be protected and patronised if he made such an admission;" that he brought his mind to tell that story which was most likely to benefit him; and, strange to say, that directly this man admitted himself to have been a villain, he was commiserated and rewarded. On Ward's confessing it was a cross, he was asked how he could bring his mind to swear he had done his best to win; and he answered, with the most unblushing effrontery, and even with a smile, "You know, gentlemen, I would swear anything for 100 guineas." Here, then, is a fellow proclaiming his own infamy, and his total disregard of veracity even on oath; and yet on his bare assertion, contrary to all probability, and when it was his interest to say, what he did, and the words were almost, as I may say, put into his mouth, some persons are illiberal enough to believe me culpable.

Ward also stated, that his baker had given him only cabbage and bacon for dinner, the day before the fight and had afterwards made him drunk with wine. Now, as to the dinner, I suppose he wished it to believed, that he had been deprived of nourishing food just before the battle; but what had been given him? But the fact is, that he had a roast fowl, and this he afterwards admitted; and as to his being drunk, he confessed, when questioned, that he had only three glasses of wine, but said it had intoxicated him, because he was unused to wine; but he asserted that he was then sober, although he had drank three glasses of wine before and more than a bottle after dinner.

In conclusion, I beg to refer the candid investigator to my conduct at the fight, when I not only laid my 2 to 1 on Ward's winning, but, on its being suggested that he was about to do something wrong, I went into the ring and stated the impossibility of his acting improperly, and stated aloud my opinion, that he must win and nothing else. Surely, then, if I had solicited him to lose, he would have chosen that moment for mentioning the circumstance, and rectifying his error, especially as he must have perceived that I was betting upon him. I now leave the facts to the impartial consideration of the public, and the Sporting World in particular; and, until any person can show that I had any interest, except in Ward's winning the fight, which I confidently defy the world to do, I shall not again notice any attack or observations which may be made against me on this subject.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,
Nov. 17, 1822. T. WATSON.

In consequence of Ward's misconduct, the members of the P. C., who had a meeting on the subject, expelled Jem from the use of their ropes; and directions were given to Bill Gibbons to pay strict attention to their orders. A letter was likewise received from Coventry, by Mr. Jackson, from one of the umpires in the fight between Abbot and Ward, stating his decided opinion that it was a most disgraceful X on the part of Ward, and that no bets were to be paid; but, in consideration that no proof of blame being attached to Abbot, he ought to receive the £50, as a remuneration for his loss of time and expenses of training, &c. The stakeholder (the P. of the D. C.,) positively refused to give up the money to Abbot, notwithstanding the above opinion. After considerable disputes upon the subject, the stakes were drawn, and the backers of Ward and Abbot agreed to receive £50 each.

To the Editor of the Weekly Dispatch.

SIR:—It is with considerable regret that I feel myself called upon to make the following strong animadversions on a circumstance which took place at the Fives's Court, on Tuesday last. It was rather late when I entered the Court; but I could scarcely believe my own eyes, on looking towards the stage, and witnessing Ward (the man who acknowledged fighting a most disgusting cross,) setting-to with Abraham Belasco. I immediately expressed my astonishment and indignation; but several bystanders observed, it must have occurred through the mistake of the Master of the Ceremonies. I am to admit, it is possible, that Ould Tom Jones (an honest and as good a boxer as ever stripped off a shirt,) might not have been acquainted with the recent decision of Mr. Jackson and the members of the P. C. on that subject; but I am surprised that Ward could have the unblushing effrontery to have dared to thrust himself forward on such a public occasion. Sir, I am one of those rigid persons, who entertain an opinion, that because a man has done wrong once, that he is always to do wrong through life; neither do I go to the extremity of excluding Ward from ever appearing again in the Prize Ring.

But, surely, Sir, if the authority of Mr. Jackson does not extend over the privileges of the Fives's Court, as well as the ropes belonging to the P. C., I think, out of respect to that gentleman, who has done so much to support the Pugilists, Ward ought not to have been suffered to exhibit on the public stage, under Mr. Jackson's immediate cognizance. Why, Sir, such conduct is positively laughing at the above decision; and it does not signify whether boxers act honestly, in future, a rush. Indeed, after this contempt of everything like decency on the part of Ward, I shall expect to see, perhaps, the bills are now out for a benefit for him, beginning thus:—"The patronage of the Sporting World is most respectfully solicited for Ward, the poor young man who was led astray to fight a cross, and who now finds he can get nothing by doing wrong: therefore wishes to beg pardon, and drop it: and he will in future, see whether honesty will serve his turn better!" Sir, I was glad to see the Sporting World had made a stand, (as prize fighting was at a low ebb enough before,) and determined to punish: that is, to convince Ward of his error: and also to operate as a warning, a decided precedent, to other Pugilists, to mind such disgraceful and unmanly conduct, or to beware of the consequences. I have since been informed that Ward set-to at Purcell's benefit. Sir, as a very old supporter of the Prize Ring, I have thrown out the above hints: and that you will continue to act with that impartiality which distinguishes your widely circulated Journal, and to expose everything in the shape of a ✂, is the sincere wish of your correspondent,

PLAY FAIR.

Portman-square, Dec. 4th, 1822.

Ward, at this juncture, was considered completely defunct in the Milling World; and the general opinion was, that he would never be permitted again to enter the Prize Ring. In fact, so strong was the prejudice entertained against Ward, that at Holt's opening dinner, on Friday, November 22, 1822, it was proposed to back Jim against Barlow for one hundred pounds; but this proposition was immediately scouted by the friends of Barlow, who said, the latter should not disgrace himself with a man who had been expelled the P. C. ropes.

Ward kept himself quiet for a short time, and also expressed his sorrow to the Commander-in-Chief and the Ameteurs in general, for his misconduct, pleading the inexperience of youth, and a total ignorance of the ways of the world; and promising to do everything in his power, to restore his tarnished name in the eyes of the Sporting World. At length an opportunity offered itself, which tended to soften the asperity of the Fancy towards Ward. After the fight between Hall and Wynnes, at Wimbledon Common, on Tuesday, February 4, 1823, he entered the ring for a Subscription Purse of the trifling value of £5. His opponent was a high-couraged countryman, and called Whiteheaded Bob; but the yokel, as he was termed, was not quite a novice, having taken a few lessons from action. Ward was seconded by Halton and Belasco; and the countryman by Carter and Abbot. This was a prime battle, and Ward showed off his milling talents in great style; and although his superior tactics enabled him to finish the rounds almost as he pleased, yet the countryman proved himself as good a bit of stuff as ever peeled. Ward received some heavy blows on the body, and also one on the neck; but the nob of the yokel was completely transformed—not the space of a tizzy escaped punishment. Bob would not give in, he was so completely game; but his seconds insisted he should out it, as he had not a shadow of chance. Twenty rounds---19 minutes. How this battle took place, that is to say, the re-appearance of Ward within the P. C. ropes, we have no knowledge. Perhaps after the old adage---"to forget and forgive!" Ward offered to fight without any reward; and, for the severe lesson he received upon a former occasion, he said, "He would never be led astray any more, but endeavored to recover the ground he had lost, by the most attentive and honorable conduct towards the amateures." The judges pronounced Ward the best twelve stone man in the ring.

Ward, in order to improve his success, as well as to reinstate himself in the good opinion of the Amateurs, under the kind assistance of Mr. Turner, of the Mulberry Tree, Commercial Road, inserted the three following challenges in the columns of the Weekly Dispatch:—

A CHALLENGE TO ANY TWELVE OR THIRTEEN STONE MAN IN ENGLAND.

Feb. 7, 1823.

SIR,—In hopes through the medium of your widely circulated paper, to find an early customer, I request the favor of your insertion of my challenge to fight any one, within two months, of my own weight, viz. 12 stone, for £25 or £50 aside. Rather than remain longer idle, I should not be nice in giving half a stone or even a stone. A deposit is ready on receiving an answer either through your journal, or to me, direct.

I am, Sir very respectfully,
Your obliged servant,
JAMES WARD.

To Mr. Thomas Shelton.

SIR:—Being in want of a job, and understanding the match is off between you and Joshua Hudson, I beg leave to offer myself to your notice as a customer, for £100 aside; my friends having offered to back me for that sum; £25 of which is now ready for a deposit, at Mr. Hulme's, the Three Compasses, Osmond street, White chapple, on next Wednesday evening. If you have no objection to the proposition of my backer, I shall be very happy to see you at the place and time above specified.

Yours, &c.
JAMES WARD.

SIR:—In consequence of receiving no answer from Carter, as to posting the poney, I should imagine his chaff-cutting machine must have been at work when he challenged me. As my wish is fighting, and nothing but fighting I mean, I shall be happy to accommodate Peter Crawley for £50 or £100 aside, once within two months. If this meets his wish, he can always find me as at foot. Requesting the favor of your inserting this in the Dispatch of to-morrow.

I am Sir, yours, Respectfully
JAMES WARD.

The above challenge had not the desired effect, and Jem was determined to rusticate for a few months. He, therefore started on a sparring tour, in company with Maurice Delay and George Weston. Bath races was the first object in view; at the conclusion of which, a match was made between Rickens, a Bath man, and Jem Ward, for £20 aside, and a subscription purse. The battle took place at Lansdown, a celebrated spot for milling by the Bristol boys, on Friday, July 2, 1823.

Bath, like Bristol, has given birth to some pugilistic heroes; and the sporting people of the former gay city have never been backward, when an opportunity offered, to support their champion. They can also chaff a little bit to turn it to account; and if they catch "a cockney astray," there is no place in the world where they can punish him better than at Bath. Therefore, to go "flat-catching" in those regions of taste and fashion, among the inhabitants, who are always upon the look out for "customers," the chance is at least 7 to 4 against the cove who "tries it on;" or upon a par with a half-breed one who might try to have a nibble at the Sheenies in Petticoat lane. But when a sharp gets the worst of it, he frets, fumes, and complains for a month. The above match was made at the Castle and Ball; and very few, if any, Mr. Greens are to be picked up in the sporting room of this most respectable Inn. Jem Ward, like other gemmen who set out upon their travels, preferred being incog.; and, in imitation of his betters, to prevent the trouble of answering addresses and congratulations in the towns through which he passed, he made use of the designation of Sawney Wilson, as a *nom de la guerre*. His pals, (or rather in the character of his attendants,) George Weston and Maurice Delay, Knights of the Fists, were at his elbow to plan or execute, as the necessity of the moment required. The above boxers "looked in" at the Castle and Ball, to see if anything might suit them; and milling being the theme of the conversation, and Rickens, the hero of the argument, a fine young man, nearly 14 stone in weight, and possessing great muscular power; he was offered to be backed at 6 to 4 against Sawney Wilson, when the latter was proposed as an opponent. The Swells of the Bath fancy were pleased with the match; and, to make it more secure, Pearce (brother to the late Game Chicken,) and Harris, also well-known at Bristol, were engaged as his seconds; and Sawney (not from the North, but the South,) was waited on by Weston and Delay. At five o'clock they entered the ring. The colors, blue for the Bath champion, and green for Sawney, were tied to the stakes by Weston and Pearce. The former offered 10 sovereigns that Sawney won the colors, which was immediately taken.

Round 1. Rickens, when stripped, was a fine picture of a man in excellent condition; and also capable of disposing of his opponent without much trouble. Sawney was all right, and felt as confident as if the battle was over. Some little sparring occurred, and a few blows of no consequence were exchanged between them. Sawney, on the look-out for a chance, made himself up in good distance for mischief, and let fly at his adversary's nob so tremendously, that his seconds lost sight of him for an instant, and found him at full length on the ground—7 to 4 on Sawney, but no takers.

2. The Bath champion came up to the scratch like a good one; and made play right and left. Here the fine fighting of Sawney rather astonished the spectators, as he stopped Rickens, with the utmost *sang froid*. The Bath hero, not dismayed, tried what strength would do for him, and made a desperate rush at Sawney; the latter stopped him, and a short rally took place, when Rickens was sent down. 2 to 1 on Sawney: a few takers.

3. Sawney, to give the spectators a "taste of his quality," commenced fighting, and planted so heavy a blow on Rickens' conk, that, if he had been shot, he could not have made his way quicker to the turf---the claret following profusely. "This be no Sawney, I be certain sure," said a Bath yokel, who had been gammoned to bet the contents of his little market bag. "You're quite right Measter," replied a flash Solicitor; "it's properly Trim street to wit! Why, you booby, it is the wealth of the Royal Crescent to the Screw Crib near Pultney Bridge, and not a shadow of chance to win!" £100 to £10 but no takers.

4. Sawney came smiling to the scratch, having it all his own way. Rickens never flinched from his task, but showed like a brave man at the mark. The guard of his opponent was so secure, that on finding no chance to obtain an opening, Rickens made a most determined rush; but he again failed, and was floored by a heavy counter hit.

5. Rickens, although the chance was so much against him, fought like a hero. It was a fine fighting, manly round; and the Bath champion contested every inch of ground, till he went down from a severe body blow. "It is all right," said Weston; "you have got him, Sawney, now, to your own weight."

6. It was mere play to Sawney. He was liberal in the extreme with his gifts; but he begged to be excused from receiving any presents in return. The Bath champion had now got a new situation---Receiver General for his backers; and he measured his length on the ground, by way of sealing the contract.

7. Rickens was getting weak, and terribly distressed—covered with punishment; but his brave heart was too game to say "NO!" He napped at every step, till he went down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away!" from all parts of the ring.

8, and last. The cat was let out of the bag—the mistery was developed—the secret was blown—Sawney had taken off his disguise; and Jem Ward, the Black Diamond, from the East End of the Metropolis, was at length found out in the Ring opposed to the Bath champion. If Rickens had not proved himself a game man, he might have gone away several rounds previous, without having any disgrace attached to his character as a milling cove. He was finished by a teazer under his ear, which sent him down like a log; and, when time was called, he was deaf. It was over in 15 minutes.

OBSERVATIONS.

The Bathonians have no right to grumble at the above *ruse de guerre*: it is perfectly fair, both in sporting and in the field of battle. The provincial betting men, like the town ones, ought always to be on their guard; but the fact is, they have been out-sharped in the present instance, as they thought of picking up Sawney Wilson as a flat, while, on the contrary, they have been compelled to stand "the flats" in turn, and "don't like it." At all events, the Bath Fancy ought to feel proud their champion proved himself so game and high-couraged a boxer. Ward won it without a scratch on his face or body; and he is also considered, by the best judges, equal to any man in England. Amongst those Amateurs who admire both the Stage and the Ring, "Call a rose by any other name, and it will smell as sweet," if it has the desired effect; i. e. it does not signify a jot to them whether "Sawney" or "the Black Diamond" gains the battle---only let them win. Ward was soon matched to fight another Summerset man, for £100 aside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RING.

[*From Bell's Life in London, April* 9.]

Fight between Dick Ellis and Jesse Hatton, for £15 a Side.

On Tuesday last, these aspirants for fistic fame met in Long Reach to contend at 9st. 9lb., for £15 a side. Ellis is not unknown in the ring, having fought a game battle with Patsy Daley, by whom he was vanquished. Hatton (who is known as George Brown's Novice) has never before figured in the P. R. The latter was seconded by George Brown and Jack Keefe, while Tom Sayres and Jack Richards waited on Ellis. There was little difference in weight, but on peeling Hatton looked much the bigger man, although Ellis was more compact. 2 to 1 was freely offered on Ellis, it being reported that his adversary was anything but a "dare devil." In the sequel, however, it was proved that the friends of Ellis were entirely mistaken in attributing any want of courage to the Novice, who, although unsuccessful, proved that he was made of the right sort of stuff, and only lacks experience to make him a formidable customer to any second-rater of his weight. Ellis clearly possessed more knowledge of the art than his opponent, who was anything but graceful in his attitude. In the first round Hatton drew first blood from Ellis's proboscis, and in the second Ellis made it even by gaining the first knock-down blow with his left on Hatton's mug. To detail the rounds in the present crowded state of our columns would be impossible. Suffice it to state, that Ellis took the lead, and, by his superior attainments, was enabled with difficulty to keep it throughout, although for some time Hatton fought with such determination, and got home so heavily with his right, that the Ellis party looked anything but confident, and at one period it was thought to be anybody's fight. At length, however, continued punishment told its tale upon Hatton, who grew weaker and weaker at the conclusion of two hours and twelve minutes, when 101 rounds had been fought. Ellis was proclaimed the conqueror, Hatton's backers seeing that to prolong the contest would be mere cruelty to a brave man. The money is to be given to Ellis at Tom Sayers's, Bricklayers' Arms, York-st., Camden Town. Another match is talked of by the backers of Hatton.

Owen Lea and Baldock fought in the same ring as the above men, for £10 a side; but as they did not commence business until late in the day, no conclusion as to which was the better man could be arrived at, and Fred. Oliver, the referee, ordered them to meet again next Tuesday, in the same ring with Spider and Walker. They proved themselves a pair of game fellows, and for novices did wonders.

Disgraceful Pugilistic Contest at Birmingham.

On Monday last, J. Ingram and J. Coates, met at Barron's Bridge, within a short distance of the Hardware Town, to contend at catch weight for £5 a side. Ingram is a clever, quick fighter, and stands well on his legs. Coates is almost a novice, and has a deal to learn, yet no doubt is game, as he took a lion's share of punishment without flinching. The fight commenced in favor of Ingram, who in the first round administered a slashing left-hander over the right eye, which drew first blood, he also gaining the first knock down blow. The ring was well kept for the first half hour, but after that time Coates' friends, thinking he had no chance, became troublesome, and broke in the ring several times. The referee ordered it to be cleared; the men went on, but with still decided advantage to Ingram, which so exasperated Coates' friends, that they would not allow the fight to proceed fairly. The referee (Gallot Thomas) at last advised Ingram's friends to withdraw him, as there appeared no chance of bringing it off satisfactorily. Ingram had not a scratch upon him, whilst Coates showed a good deal of punishment. Under these circumstances, Ingram's friends withdrew him (after fighting one hour and 20 minutes), on the understanding that the referee would order the men to fight another day: but no sooner was Ingram withdrawn from the ring, than the referee decided in favor of Coates, and declared him entitled to the stakes. Under these circumstances, and the referee still abiding by his decision, the stakeholder (Ben Terry) paid over the stakes to Coates. There is not a shadow of a chance of bringing off a fight near Birmingham while such disgraceful proceedings are allowed. The referee's duty was to award the stakes to Ingram, under the 10th rule of the Ring, which is as follows:—"That on no consideration whatever, shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes and stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who in honest opinion shall have the best of the contest."

SPORTING ITEMS.

Hints for Anglers.

Do not imagine that (observes Mr. Jesse, in his Natural History) because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always, on such occasions, ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently immenent.

If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him; you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come.

Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack: take this as a hint that your fly has gone to grass. It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz.: 1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line. 2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw. In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which is not easy to describe.

If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again before it has answered yours.

Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he his tired." Much valuable time, and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can*. Everything depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail on him to walk a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments you will not have good sport, if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this: and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand, particularly if you do not wear gloves.

When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.

Singular Sporting Feat.

On the Stretford Road, near Manchester, a short time ago, Townsend, the celebrated pedestrian, was backed for £10 aside, against a person of the name of John Wyatt, a baker, who gained some celebrity in the vicinity of the metropolis, at the same game, which would pick up, in the least time, with his mouth, 200 stones, placed one yard apart from each other. The stones were arranged in double columns, with the basket placed in the centre, into which the men were to deposit their cargo. On starting, each of them picked up a few near home, and then pegged away to the extent, Townsend clearing the two columns as he went on, whilst the baker only made play at one of the rows; thus they went on for an hour, without any advantage to either; but *doughey* seemed to have had too much barm in him—he was all puff. It was evident now that the baker's batch would soon be baked: however, he kept kneading away, until he had picked up about 160, and run himself nearly blind, when he resigned. Townsend completed the task in one hour and forty-three minutes. The distance is nearly 11½ miles. It was from the idea that the baker would puff a stone into the basket three yards from it, and thus save so much, that he was backed at odds; but we could not see that it made any material difference, for he had to make a dead stop, then a *puff*—and in some instances, missed his aim, when he had to follow up the stone and place it in the basket. After the above match, a gentleman offered to back Townsend for £10, to stand on one leg for two hours and commence *instanter*.

The New York Clipper,

A WEEKLY SPORTING PAPER,

DEVOTED TO

THE RING, THE TURF, YACHTING, PEDESTRIANISM, CRICKET, ROWING MATCHES, THEATRICALS, MUSIC,

And the various sports of the

OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE CLIPPER is published every Thursday morning, and is for sale by the news dealers in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Jersey City, &c., at the low price of 3 cents per copy.

Reports of Races, Prize Fights, and sporting items of all kinds will be gladly received from correspondents, and inserted gratuitously in the columns of the CLIPPER.

Full reports of every sporting affair of interest in this or the old country, will be always found in the CLIPPER, and extensive arrangements will be made to procure such domestic information as cannot be found in any other journal.

The Amusement Department, embracing the Opera, Theatricals, Exhibitions, &c., &c., will be under the direction of a gentleman every way qualified for that duty. Our reports will be correct, and such as may be depended upon for truthfulness.

In fact, no expense will be spared by the proprietor, to render the NEW YORK CLIPPER one of the most desirable papers published in this city.

Communications on business should be addressed to the proprietor, and those for the editorial department to the editor. Either of our Wholesale Agents will receive and deliver into our hands all communications addressed to us. Correspondence from other cities, towns, &c., will meet with proper attention.

Sporting Items are solicited from all quarters.

TERMS OF THE CLIPPER.

THREE CENTS a single copy,

ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS a year

FOUR COPIES will be sent to one address one year for FIVE DOLLARS, or a larger number in the same proportion; in all cases in advance. Address

HARRISON TRENT,
150 Fulton Street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1854.

Harrison Trent, PROPRIETOR. } Frank Queen, EDITOR.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

Ross & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 35 Ann Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
ABBE & YATES, 20 Ann Street,

Persons at a distance wishing to subscribe for the Clipper can do so on the following terms:

Eight months,.....One dollar.
One year,.....One dollar fifty cts.
Sixteen months,.....Two dollars
Clubs of four, one year.....Five dollars.

All orders should be addressed to HARRISON TRENT, proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 150 Fulton street.

Answers to Correspondents.

Constant Subscriber, Philad'a—"1. From all accounts whom do you consider the best man that ever entered the Prize Ring?—2. Which horses now living, is thought to be the fastest trotter?—3. Which is the swiftest clipper ship?" 1. This is rather a difficult question to answer, inasmuch as there never was a pugilist who did not at some time or other meet with his match. 2. Lecompte, we think, may lay claim to being at the "head of the heap." His time *eclipsed* Eclipse, and Boston likewise. 3,—In our opinion, the Red Jacket.

J. B. of Troy.—"1. What is the quickest time 100 yards has been run in? 2. How many battles has Jem Parker fought in England? 3. Who did he fight with? 4. How often did he win?" 1. 9 seconds, if our memory serves us right. 2. Three. 3. With Driscroll, Duggan and Sims. 4. The last he won, the two former were not decided.

Little Indian.—In 1851, the Tipton Slasher beat Paddock, and claimed the Championship, Bendigo refusing to fight again. The Slasher was subsequently defeated by Harry Broome, who afterwards forfeited to the Slasher. Consequently, the latter is present Champion of England.

Antiquary.—The rules of training in olden times were—three doses of salts, three sweats, three vomits for three weeks, with victuals three parts dressed. This constituted the rationale of training recommended and practised by the trainers of the old school.

Jas. B. Sewars, Jersey City.—Castle Garden was originally erected for a fortification, and used as such until 1823, when it was ceded by the United States to the corporation of this city.

P. Dobson.—The great fire in this city in 1835, broke out in the premises of Messrs, Crawford & Andrews, No. 25 Merchant street, on the evening of the 16th of December.

Theatrical.—We know nothing about the private affairs of the person at the Bowery you refer to. It is best for every man to attend to his own private affairs.

J. E.—We have no certain knowledge of the shortest time in which a three mile heat has been run in the old Country.

T. R. F.—The disaster to the steamboat Reindeer took place on the 14th of September, 1852.

P. A. I.—The edifice known as the Egyptian Tombs in Center street, was commenced in 1836, and finished in 1838.

Anxious Inquirer.—"What is the length of the Croton Aquaduct?" We believe the entire length of the Croton Aquaduct is 40½ miles.

Constant Reader, Morrisiana.—We have no knowledge of Johnny Broome having at any time visited this country.

Amateur.—Yes—Con Parker, who lately arrived in this city from England received forfeit from the Tipton Slasher in 1849.

Toby, Brooklyn.—Con Parker is over 6 ft. in height.

C. R. I.——.—Yes, North Star we understand is at present residing in this city.

Johnny, Troy.—Morrissey was in your neighborhood last week.

C B.—The old National Theatre was burnt down in 1841.

Wiley, Philad'a—ALL FOURS—He who holds the ace wins, of course.

Boxer.—Con Parker's weight is 12 stone 4 lbs.

Albion.—The Duke of Wellington died on the 14th of October, 1852

Crowded.

Many articles are crowded out, this week, to make room for the particulars of the "Excursion to Niagara Falls," of Parker and Gribbon, as well as the report of the fight between the Spider and Alf. Walker.

A Stranger.

Morrissey, the opponent of Yankee Sullivan, was in Canada, on the 26th of April, to witness the fight between Gribbon and Parker. Con Parker was also present, from England. Both of these are "big men."

THE RING.

The Gribbon and Parker Match, No Go!

DIFFICULTY AS TO THE CHOICE OF "SPOT"—CRIMINATION AND RECRIMINATION—WHAT SHALL BE DONE?—WHO SHALL DECIDE?

The proposed fight between Jem Parker and Harry Gribbon, for $500 a side, which was to have come off in Canada on Wednesday, April 26, did not take place, much to the disappointment of a large number of persons, who were in one way or another interested in the issue. In order to give our readers a correct report of the battle, we despatched a reporter to the Falls Hotel at Niagara, where, it was known, the parties were to meet and weigh on Tuesday afternoon. To set matters in their proper light, and to make our readers fully acquainted with the facts connected with the entire affair, it may not be out of place to give the following particulars, from the commencement of the match until the arrival of the parties in this city on Thursday last:

In the month of January last, Jem Parker arrived in this city from England, and on the evening of Wednesday, February 8th, he gave a Sparring Exhibition at Grand Street Hall, which was well patronized by the fancy of New York. In the course of the evening, Parker publicly offered to make a match to fight Harry Gribbon for the sum of $500 aside. Harry, who was in the room at the time, immediately responded to the call, and signified his readiness to make a match, and offered to stake $20 to bind the bargain. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the two men, accompanied by their respective friends, repaired to a private room to arrange matters, but after considerable argument it was mutually agreed to meet on Tuesday evening, 14th Feb., to make all necessary arrangements.

Accordingly, on the evening appointed, the men with their respective friends, met together at Grand Street Hall, and after considerable discussion, the following articles were drawn up and signed:

Articles of Agreement, entered into this 14th day of February, 1854, between Jem Parker and Harry Gribbon. Jem Parker agrees to fight Harry Gribbon a fair stand up fight, in a 24 ft. roped ring, according to the latest rules of the London Prize Ring. The said fight shall be for the sum of Five Hundred Dollars aside; and shall take place on Wednesday, the 26th day of April, in Canada. $50 aside are now deposited, in the hands of Mr.——, the second deposit of $100 a side to be made good on the 1st of March; the third deposit of $100 aside to be made good on the 15th of March; the fourth deposit of $100 aside to be made good on the 29th of March; the last deposit of $150 aside to be made good on the 12th of April. Mr.—— to be final stakeholder. Either party failing to make the above deposits between the hours of 8 and 10, P. M., on the evenings above stated, to forfeit the money already down. The weight of each man not to exceed 150 pounds, and the men to weigh the evening before the day of fighting. The fight to take place on the 26th of April next; the men to be in the ring between the hours of 12 and 2, P. M. Two umpires shall be chosen on the ground, by whom a referee shall be chosen, whose decision shall be final. Either man failing in any of the above conditions to forfeit the money down.

Signed, JEM PARKER.
HARRY GRIBBON.

Witness—J. B.

Having thus satisfactorily arranged matters, Parker immediately made preparations for his training, and in a few days, under the care and attentions of a well known physician, he took up his quarters at the house of Mr. Austin, in 109th street, where, after going through a regular course of physic, he soon began to exhibit symtoms of a *loss of flesh*, but by regular exercise, and careful training, he succeeded in regaining his strength, though by order of his physician, he was still restricted as to his diet.

Harry Gribbon did not immediately go into training, but suffered almost two weeks to elapse before he retired. In this time he gave an exhibition at Williamsburgh, which was well attended. He finally took up his quarters near the Cypress Hills Cemetery, on Long Island, and was waited upon by Jem Trainor, who had but a short time previously arrived here. Trainor, however, did not remain long as the guardian of Gribbon's interests, from what cause we are not aware. Stunning Joe Banks succeeded Trainor in his office, and, with the aid of other friends of Harry, had the satisfaction of seeing him in a short time brought into good condition. Harry "showed" at his benefit on Friday evening, April 7, at Warren Hall, corner of Oliver and Henry-streets, and Parker made his appearance on the Monday evening following, at Military Head-Quarters, 22 White-street. Both exhibitions were crowded.

The deposits were regularly made, and on the evening of the last deposit, 19th of April, the parties agreed to decide by toss who should have the selection of the spot. Parker won the toss, and on or about April 17th, accompanied by his backers, he left this city for Buffalo, in order that he might have sufficient time to look around, and make choice of a good spot, on the Canada side, upon which the battle should be fought.

Gribbon continued at his training until Wednesday, 19th of April, when he, too, accompanied by a few of his particular friends, took the cars for Buffalo. At this time both men, we believe, were slightly under the stipulated weight.

THE MEN.

Jem Parker is a gentlemanly young man, about 22 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in hight, well-built, and of powerful proportions, and apparently a troublesome customer. His performances in the prize ring are but few, and we believe took place since the commencement of 1852. His first appearance was on the 6th of January, 1852, when he fought Tim Driscoll, at North Woolwich, for £5 a side. After fighting 15 rounds, occupying one hour and fifty-five minutes, the police made their appearance, and apprehended both men, who were bound over to keep the peace. His next battle was with Jerry Duggan, at Rainham, on the 15th of March, '53, for £10 a side. Some time was cut to waste, owing to the men having arrived at the field of battle without any ropes and stakes. These had to be fetched from London, and the men were at length enabled to get to work about half-past four o'clock. Parker was seconded by his brother Con and Jack Martin, and Duggan received the assistance of Teddy Cruise and Dan Haggerty. The men did not display any very scientific acquirements, and for the first hour and a half but little mischief was done. Duggan gained first blood, but that was all. After the lapse of this time they went to work in earnest, and many animated rounds were fought, the punishment being pretty evenly balanced. At length, at seven o'clock, the referee, finding it too dark to see the men, stopped the battle, after it had lasted two hours and twenty-one minutes, neither appearing to have the advantage. Duggan wished to increase the stakes to £25 a side, and fight at 10st. 7lb., or to draw, but to this Parker would not agree. He had no objection to increase the stakes, but did not see why he should reduce his weight 7lbs. We believe the men shortly after agreed to draw their stakes. The next time we hear of Parker is in his fight with Sims, a tall young fellow, 6 feet in hight, and who had previously appeared but once in the prize ring. This battle between Parker and Sims came off on the 22d of August last, for £20 a side. The men were restricted to 10st. 7lb., which weight they did not exceed on going to scale on the previous day. The field of action was on Rainham Marshes—Parker attended by Jack Hazletine and Dan Collins, and Sims by Harry Orme and Woody. The friends of Sims were excessively confident, and freely laid 2 to 1 on their man. Parker acted almost entirely on the defensive, and for the first half of the battle he decidedly had the worst of it, his opponent being superior to him in wrestling, and throwing him some ugly falls. As the battle progressed, Sims began to betray unequivocal symptoms of distress, while the superior *physique* of his opponent, notwithstanding the heavy falls he had received, enabled him to come up, round after round, with nearly the same freshness as when the contest commenced. On the part of Sims, the battle continued with great resolution, but he did small execution. At the close of the 30th round, an appeal of "foul" was made, in consequence of Sims having hit his opponent when down; but this was overruled by the referee, who considered it the result of accident. In the 38th round, some sharp fighting took place at the ropes, after which they closed, and Sims was thrown—through the sheer physical superiority of his adversary—one of the most dangerous falls ever witnessed. He was rolled completely over by his opponent, his head appearing to be doubled under, and, on being picked up, was deaf to the call of time, and Parker was hailed the winner, after a mill of exactly *one hour*. Parker, after this battle, challenged one or two other men, and was also challenged by several, but we believe no fresh battle was made, and in a few months he sailed for this city, which brings us to the present match.

Of Mr. Gribbon we have not a very extended knowledge. He is a working man, a sawyer by profession, and has many friends among the working classes, more especially those of his craft residing in Williamsburgh. Gribbon is about 29 years of age, 5 feet 10½ inches in height, and of strong, muscular build. Harry was born at Belfast, Ireland, tho' he resided in Liverpool for a long period prior to his coming to this country, a few years since. Though rough in his exterior, Harry is a polite and extremely agreeable person, and the longer you are acquainted with him, the more good qualities will be found in him. We believe his first appearance in the Prize Ring was in his battle with Dillon, whom he defeated in 30 minutes, and 13 rounds. He next beat Lackey in 16 rounds—20 minutes. His next match was with Clark. This fight was for £10 aside, and came off at Hoyton near Liverpool, on the 17th of November, 1845, when, after a pretty hard contest of 39 rounds, in 57 minutes, Harry was defeated. He next made a match to fight Moreton, for £10 aside. The ring was pitched at Tarbuck bottom, a short distance from Liverpool, on the 23d of Novembef, 1846, nearly one year after his battle with Clark. In this contest, Harry was declared the victor after fighting 24 rounds, in 30 minutes. On the 28th of June, 1847, Gribben again entered the arena to decide a match with Mark Brook. This fight took place at Olive Mount, near Liverpool, for £10 aside, and Gribbon was vanquished after fighting but 19 rounds. After this, Harry remained quiet, waiting for something to turn up, but nothing further transpired in the English Ring, in which Harry was engaged. A few years after this, he left Liverpool for the city of New-York, where he has since resided, with the exception of a trip he made to England in 1853. Several attempts were made to get up a match between some of our pugilists and Harry, and after his return from England in August last, he published the following challenge in the New York Clipper:—"A CHALLENGE.—Having heard that James Hayman wishes to fight me, I will fight him, or any other 150 lb. man, in the State of New York; my money is ready, from three to five hundred dollars aside, at either Izzy Lazarus, No. 4 James street, or James Sullivan, No. 82½ Chatham street, any evening during the month. HARRY GRIBBON." This challenge did not bring out Mr. Hayman, but as the challenge was general as well as special in its character, Mr. Parker, on his arrival in this city, was brought forward as a proper man to contest the palm of superiority with Mr. Gribbon. The present match was the result.

We have thus given a brief synopsis of the doings of each man in the prize ring up to the present time.

GOING TO SCALE.

On Monday and Tuesday, 24th and 25th of April, considerable addition was made to the population of the little village of Niagara, and those who were not "up to the thing" were lost in wonder and surprise at this sudden influx, and many were the conjectures of the villagers as to the why and the wherefore of the visit—wondering if there were any extra attractions at the Falls—whether another Sam Patch had come to life, and was about to make a dive over the Niagara Falls for the purpose of amusing the new-comers, &c., &c. However, they finally settled down to the conviction that a *duel* was to be fought. On Tuesday evening, April 25th, Gribbon and Parker, with their immediate friends, assembled at the Falls Hotel for the purpose of weighing, according to the articles of agreement, when it appeared that both men were about 2 lbs. under weight. Both being under the stipulated weight of 10 stone 10 lb., this nice point was thus satisfactorily settled without the least trouble.

THE FINALE—NO FIGHT.

It was now stated to the Gribbon party that they would have to go to Buffalo, and from there to Point Albino, on the Canada shore, where the fight would take place, the total distance from Buffalo being about 36 miles! To this the Gribben men demurred, for they state that it had been previously agreed that both parties should meet at Niagara on the 26th, and weigh; that the men should remain there that night, and that on the following morning all hands should cross the bridge to Canada, and there the fight should take place. Immediately on the Gribbon party learning that they would have to go to Buffalo, and from there take conveyance to the battle-ground, a scene of confusion ensued, and a great deal of bitterness was exhibited, and violent language used by both parties, the backers of Gribbon refusing pointedly to go to Buffalo, and their opponents insisting that, if they did not, they, the Parker men, would claim forfeit. As matters then stood, and as there appeared to be no prospect of the parties agreeing, the Parker men left Niagara for Buffalo, while the Gribbon men remained on the ground.

The Parker men had previously chartered a steamboat at Buffalo, and had sold about 400 excursion tickets. This boat was to convey those anxious to witness the mill to the battle-ground, and as the charge was $2 for each man, the Parker men realized a very snug sum. On Wednesday morning, about 11 o'clock, the steamboat left Buffalo with a goodly number of passengers on board, and also Parker and his suite. John McMahon, who had been engaged by both men to furnish the ropes and stakes, and set the ring, was not on board, he being with the Gribbon party at Niagara Falls, where he had been directed to go. The steamboat with the Parker party on board proceeded up the lake to Point Albino, about 12 miles distant from Buffalo, which they reached about 1 o'clock, and a landing was soon effected by means of small boats. The spot of ground selected by the Parker men was well suited for the purpose. It was a short distance from the point of landing, on a beautiful piece of turf, with sloping hills surrounding it, and there were but few houses, we are informed, within 10 miles around. For safety from the "Yahoos," and other hostile tribes, the place seemed to be well suited, and we have no doubt had both men appeared, we should have had a merry and gallant mill. The original contractor for setting the ring not being on hand, the party at once proceeded to cut stakes, and, obtaining ropes from the boat, it was not long before a "24-foot roped ring" was formed, and shortly before two o'clock Jem Parker threw his castor into the ring, and, accompanied by his brother Con, soon followed it. Whether the backers of Parker expected Gribbon to appear, we cannot say, but suppose they did, as they waited about one hour after the time specified for the men to be in the ring. After the lapse of this space of time, Parker and his friends left the ring, claiming the stake-money of $1,000, from the fact that the other party did not put in an appearance. The disappointed ones who had paid $2 for the "trip," with a fight thrown in, did not seem to relish the thing entirely, but finally re-embarked on board the steamer, and after a *stormy* passage of an hour or two, safely arrived at Buffalo, and Parker and his *suite* took the cars for New-York, where they arrived on Thursday evening.

Having thus followed the Parker company, and given a description of their doings, let us now return to Niagara Falls, where we left the Gribbon party. The friends of Gribbon believing that a trick had been played upon them, in consequence of being first told that the fight would take place across the river, and that they would cross the bridge the following morning, and afterwards being informed that they would have to go to Buffalo, and from *there take conveyance*, determined that their man should not go to Buffalo, though it should be stated, however, that *Gribbon himself was willing to go, and was eager for the fight.* A council of war was held that night at the Western Hotel, and it was agreed that on the following morning they would start for Navy Island, and there await the coming of their foes. Accordingly, on Wednesday morning Gribben and his suite, and a company of friends who had been told by the friends of both men that the parties would start from Niagara, and cross the bridge, left Niagara for Navy Island, situate in the middle of Niagara river, about 3 miles from the Falls, and 1½ miles from the shore. This spot was also well calculated for the gladiatorial display, and possessed many conveniences. Having John McMahon with them, with the ropes and stakes originally intended for the fight, a ring was soon pitched, which Gribbon entered between 1 and 2 o'clock, where he remained until after 3 o'clock, when, there appearing no prospect of a fight, the stakes were pulled up, and the party returned to Niagara, from whence Gribben sent a man to Buffalo with an offer to meet Parker the next day at the spot originally intended, and fight him. The other party had left, however. Gribbon and his friends left Niagara on Friday morning, and reached this city on Saturday evening.

We have thus given as correct an account of the whole affair, as we have been able to gather, and we have no hesitation in saying that the narrative may be implicitly relied on. Amid so many conflicting rumors, it is utterly impossible to arrive at any safe conclusion. Let us examine the facts of the case, however, and see how and where the parties stand, for as it is everything appears to be envelopod in a fog.

On the evening of the last deposit, a toss was had for choice of ground, it being previously agreed upon that the fight should take place in Canada. Parker won the toss. It was now stated that there was a fine place on Navy Island, where the fight could take place, but it was finally settled that the men should meet at Niagara on the 25th, weigh there, and Parker was in Buffalo on the 18th April. Having selected the exact spot of ground, it was his duty to give his opponent timely notice of that spot. Did he give this notice? Parker and his friends *assert* that the notice *was* given, *one of them* stating that the notice was given *in writing* to Gribbon four days before the fight was to take place—that Gribbon took the notice, read it and threw it on the floor. The next question is, was the spot named in that notice the same ground where the Parker men pitched their ring. If it was, then the failure of Gribbon to be in the ring at the appointed time loses him the money. The Gribbon men, however, state *that it was decided that the men were to meet at the Falls Hotel, Niagara, on the evening before the day of the fight and weigh, and that both parties were to remain at Niagara that night, and cross the bridge the following morning to the Canada side, and there fight.* This seems to be in accordance with what has been previously stated. If correct, Parker cannot be entitled to the money, inasmuch as he has no right to change the point of fighting, after once giving his opponent notice, unless that opponent agrees to the change. In this complicated state of the affair, and with the supposition that each man will adhere to his own statement, we see no other way in which the matter can be settled than by increasing the stakes, and naming a future day on which the parties shall meet, and fairly and honorably contest to whom the money shall be awarded. We believe that both men intended to fight, but there seems to have been some misunderstanding as to the ground, and such being the case, we feel confident that neither man will object to this mode of settling the difficulty. As it is, the Gribbon party are greatly the losers, while their opponents, by their steamboat excursion, have made their expenses. Therefore, the latter certainly will be willing to meet Gribbon, while he, we suppose, will be equally as ready to try it again.

LATEST.

Parker and Gribbon, accompanied by their principal backers, met at the house of the stake-holder on Tuesday last, and each man made a statement to that gentlemen, Parker claiming the money on account of Gribbon not being in the ring at Point Albino, and Gribbon claiming on the ground that Parker did not appear in the ring pitched by the contractor for the job, on the spot originally intended. The stake-holder, after hearing both sides, reserved his decision until Wednesday at 4 o'clock. We have no doubt he will order the parties to meet at a future day, and decide by fighting who shall receive the money. Should this be the case, all bets on the fight made previous to this time are declared off, unless otherwise agreed upon by the parties. Should the stake-holder decide for the parties to fight, the party not appearing will forfeit the money.

Challenge to Jem Parker.

I hereby challenge Jem Parker to increase the stakes in our late match to $250, $500 or $1000 aside, and fight me for the total amount. As he imagined he had such a sure thing of it, I hope this additional sum will induce him to meet and fight me. I prefer this course, and would sooner increase the stakes than to consent to a draw.

HARRY GRIBBON.

Monday, May 1, 1854.

Ruptured a Blood Vessel.

We are informed that Jem Parker ruptured a blood vessel on Tuesday afternoon last, losing a considerable quantity of blood before the flow could be stopped.

SPARRING.

Owing to the absence of most of the sparring fancy during the past week, we have but little to chronicle in the way of Sparring Exhibitions.

Dick Donnelly's Exhibition.

The benefit of Dick Donnelly took place on Friday evening last, at Hermitage Hall, in Bayard street. A goodly company greeted Dick, which must be gratifying to him as it was to all present. The venerable Joe Murphy, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, and it may not be out of place here to mention that "old Joe" is about to take a benefit, his first appeal to the public in 7 years.—Dick did not lack for sparrers, but was assisted by Stewart of New York, and Big Joe, of Brooklyn; Scotty, of Brooklyn, and McIntyre, of Philadelphia; this was heavy work, Scotty, as usual, endeavoring to beat down his opponent by the rushing system, but McIntire was with him; McGraw, of New York, and Bendigo's Ghost (visible to all); Young Lazarus and pupil, very clever; Young Ward, and Waters, of New York, very fine display of science; Rourke and Brady, both of Manchester. The grand event of the evening was the scrto between Dick Donnelly and Jack Sweetman, in which Donnelly gave the spectators an idea of what he could do in the way of shoulder-hitting, and in which Sweetman sustained the good name he has always had, as a clever boxer. The evening's entertainment gave entire satisfacton, and everything passed off in quietness and order. There is a chance for an investment on Donnelly, we believe.

Old Joe Murphy.

This old boxer, and Master of Ceremonies announces that he will give a Sparring Exhibition at Grand street Hall on Monday evening, 15th inst., when he hopes to see all his old and young friends present. We hope he will not be disappointed, as he is always on hand to conduct the Exhibitions of others, and should meet with some little return therefor.

Frank McIntyre's Benefit.

A Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Frank McIntyre, who is on a visit here from Philadelphia, will take place at Grand Street Hall, on Thursday evening, 11th inst. Frank is a good sparrer, and is always attentive to those of the profession visiting Philadelphia, and we hope he will be well sustained.

Benefit of the Lazarus Boys.

Kerrigan's Military Hall was well filled on Tuesday evening last, on the occasion of the Lazarus benefit. Gribbon was present, and looked as tough as gristle. We have not room in this week's paper for a report of the exhibition. It will be given in our next.

Alf Walker and the Spider.

We devote a considerable portion of our paper, this week, to the report of the battle between Alf. Walker and Joseph Hoiles, the Spider. This affair has created almost as much excitement in this city as though it had taken place in our midst, instead of being fought three thousand miles away. The manner in which the arrangements were made and carried out, the good feeling of the parties toward each other, and, in fact, the whole affair, is in striking contrast to the match which was to have been fought last week between Gribbon and Parker, and which ended so disgracefully. In this latter affair there has been too much outside influence at work, too much trifling, and a shameful neglect of all system, as regards arranging matters for the convenience of both parties.

Moving Day.

This annual festival was celebrated with unusual *eclat* on Monday last. The customary smashing and crashing, tearing and swearing, shaking and breaking, were all performed with unabated vigor, from early dawn until midnight, and how many poor, unfortunate boarders were compelled to lodge upon the cold floor the balance of the night, it is fearful to contemplate. Carmen advanced in price, with a brisk demand; at the close of the day, however, there was a downward tendency.

Glad to hear it.

We are pleased to learn (and we know many of our readers will be, also) that our friend Zeb. Concklin has received an appointment in the Custom House. Zeb, is a clever fellow, and we have no doubt he will give perfect satisfaction in the discharge of the duties devolving upon him in his official capacity.

Pedestrianism.

EXTRAORDINARY TIME!

Half a mile in 1 minute 58 seconds!—Quickest on Record.

We learn, by our files of London papers, that a half-mile race for the Champion's Belt, and £50 a side, took place at Westhill Park, Halifax, on the 11th April, between H. A. Reed, of London, Champion Half-Mile Runner, and T. Hospool, Champion Mile Runner. Reed run the distance in *one minute and 58 seconds!* (the quickest time on record,) beating his opponent by two yards. We have not space in this week's Clipper for the particulars, but will give them in our next.

Wants to try it again.

By the following challenge, it will be seen that the Spider wishes to have another shy at his late lucky opponent:

THE SPIDER AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—Joe Hoiles (the Spider,) is so dissatisfied at the result of his late fight with Walker, that he wishes for another trial, and he will fight him on the same terms as before, giving half a stone, and confining himself to 7st 11lb., for £100, £200, or £300 a side. He hopes Walker will consent to give him one more chance before he (Walker) retires from the ring.

Burial of the Firemen.

The funeral, on Sunday last, of the firemen killed at the Broadway fire was deeply impressive, and will long be held in remembrance by those who participated in the ceremonies. The spectacle of six hearses, in one funeral procession, is a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

AMUSEMENTS.

National Theatre.

The 300th night of Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the National Theatre, was celebrated in the usual manner by illuminating the theatre, and also by a display of fireworks. The piece is almost as attractive as ever, and we presume will continue so for some time to come.

White's Serenaders.

Dan Bowers, one of the performers attached to this company, has met with great success in his celebrated song of Old Bob Ridley, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter. Charley White. Dan Emmet, and the entire company continue to please, as usual.

Christy's Minstrels.

A new and beautiful song, just introduced, and sung by E. P. Christy, will alone repay for a visit to this old and favorite establishment. Go and hear it, all who admire good music.

Buckley's Minstrels.

"George," the inimitable George, still engrosses all attention, for his peculiar and mirth-provoking, laughing song, is one of the best things of the kind we ever listened to. The house is crowded nightly.

Hart's Whole World.

All who are so clamorous for the almighty dollar should read the advertisement of Professor Hart, wherein it will be seen that the Professor offers, in connection with many other valuable prizes, one of ten thousand dollars. What an inducement for the outlay of the trifling sum of one dollar!

"Up, and at Them!"

Now, those people who do not use the weed in any shape, can hardly be expected to know what is meant by the above heading, but our readers know the meaning, for many have been the demands made upon our friend Sharkey for a bundle of his cigars for 50 cents, with the addition, gratis, of a ticket for a chance in the many gifts to be distributed among his patrons. Read Sharkey's advertisement.

New York Yacht Club.

A meeting of the New York Club was called for Thursday evening last, for the purpose, we suppose, of making arrangements for their annual sailing matches.

Cheap Meat for Boarders.

Veal, we understand, has been selling in our markets of late at *three cents per lb!* A friend informs us that he was offered, last week, a quarter of veal weighing 24 lbs., for 50 cents. Those of our friends who are reluctantly *staying* at boarding houses should dodge the veal business—it is actually poisonous.

THE LONDON RING.

From Bell's Life, April 9.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham—£100 a side, London.

MAY 2.—Cook of Bayswater and Nick Hannigan, £25 aside, London.

MAY 2.—Baker and Norton, £15 aside, London.

MAY 10.—Crockett and Collins—£25 aside, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes—£100 a side London.

The Spider and Alf Walker,

FOR £100 ASIDE, AND THE FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—The long-expected contest between these mighty champions—who are certainly the two best men of their Weight who ever figured in the Prize Ring—takes place on Tuesday next, and, we anticipate, will attract quite as numerous a body of the Partican supporters of the Ring as was assembled to witness the combat for the heavy weight championship, about the same period last year. We shall not to-day enter into a long disquisition upon the merits or demerits of either of the doughty heroes, but will defer what we have to say on that subject until our next, when we hope to be enabled to lay before our readers the full particulars of the most interesting affair. We will content ourselves at present by stating that the Spider, from his scientific acquirements, and his universal good conduct and civility, has obtained for himself the patronage of the very first supporters of the noble art. He is considered by Judges to be the cleverest man out of his weight, and, indeed, in most people, at *any* weight. On the present occasion he gives away half a stone, being by the articles confined to 7st 11lb, while Walker is tied to 8st 4lb. The latter, we hear, will not exceed 12lb on going to Scale—but this will not give Spider any advantage, for as we are told, only just balances the beam at 7st 5lb—so that, in point of fact, the will be exactly the half stone difference. Whether the Spider, with all his tact and cleverness, will be able to give away a much weight, remains to be proved.—His opponent, Alfred Walker, is the youngest brother of the renowned and eminently scientific Johnny Walker, who has been with him during his training, and has no doubt contributed not a little to the stock of knowledge possessed by his "bantam brother" in the scientific principles of his profession—principles, by-the-by, in which Master Alfred was no mean proficient long before the present match was made. He is a powerful young fellow, as in his contest with the gallant Hicks, a much stronger man than himself, proved that his capabilities of endurance were of the highest order. That battle it will be remembered, ended in a draw darkness having come on after upwards of two hours' hard fighting, when Hicks was nearly blind, and Walker much punished. On that occasion Walker would, it is believed, have proved the conqueror in considerably less than two hours, had not both his mawleys been damaged by their repeated visits to Hicks's cast iron nob. Both Walker and the Spider are aware that they have a tough job between them, and have accordingly taken unusual pains with their training, and are bang up to the mark. They are to go to scale to-morrow between 12 and 2 o'clock, at Alfred Walker's own house, the Duke of Argyll, Laystall street, Liquorpond street, Gray's Inn-lane, when, as we have before observed, Spider is not to exceed 7st 11lb, and Walker 8st 4lb. They fight according the new rules of the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, and we trust there will be no shifting or resort to the dropping system, which has been so severely and so justly condemned—not that we mean to insinuate that either of the heroes of our tale have the habit of adopting that unmanly trick for a fairer couple of boxers never entered a flesh bag; but, as this is the first mill of any consequence under the new *regime*—of the gentlemen's committee—we should impress seriously upon the men, on the one hand, the advantage that will accrue to themselves in setting an example of straightforward manly conduct throughout, and on the other hand the opprobrium that would be cast upon them by an opposite line of conduct. The whereabouts is a secret at present locked up in the breast of the pilot of the vessel, which has been chartered for the occasion by Alec Keene, on the part of the Spider, and Johnny Walker, on the behalf of his brother. The start will be from a well-known and oft frequented locality, and will take place at 8 *to the minute.*

From Bell's Life, April 16.

FIGHT BETWEEN ALFRED WALKER AND JOE HOILES—(THE SPIDER)—FOR ONE HUNDRED POUNDS A SIDE AND THE FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

In our last we acquainted our readers with the preliminary arrangements that had been made for this Championship battle in miniature, and we now, in accordance with a promise made in the same paper, proceed to lay before the public the details of the affair subsequent to the publication of our journal, premising that the mill excited quite much interest among the *cognoscenti*, the battle for the Championship between the rival Harrie's (Broome and Orme) which took place about the same time last year.

It will be remembered that the fixture for the scaling was the Duke of Argyll, Laystall-street, Liquorpond-street, *hostelrie* of Alfred Walker, and that between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, on Monday, a very numerous assemblage of the lovers of pugilism directed their steps, and we should say that, after the mill, when Master Alf returned to the bosom of his family from which he had been so long estranged, his buxom better half was enabled to render him such an account of the receipts over the bar, as would induce him to exclaim, with the Highlanders of old, "God bless the Duke of Argyll." The Spider, our readers are aware, was confined to 7st. 11lb., and on that amount of dead weight being deposited in the scale, he took his seat on the machine, but the beam did not move—thus proving that he was far below the stipulated amount; in fact, as are informed by his trainer that he did not in reality exceed 7st. 4½lb. He looked well and confident, and no wers made to back him at 6 to 4. Walker, who was confined to 8st. 4lb., was also well within the prescribed 11lb. as he did not weigh above 7st. 11lb. He, like his Arachnidean adversary, was confidence itself; he looked fine, but was evidently in excellent condition. He was not blessed with a very large supply of the rowdy, and, consequently, was unable to make any considerable outlay on the result of the battle. In the course of the evening, both the men stems showed at Johnny Walker's benefit, at Saville House, and were loudly cheered. An early adjournment to bed took place, and on the eventful morning they were astir betimes.

Long before eight o'clock the bustle in the neighborhood of Shoreditch betokened the excitement that was about respecting the affair; and as that hour drew near, the rush of cabs, Hansoms and otherwise, filled with well-known ring-goers, proved that the attendance would be both numerous and respectable. This, however, we had fully anticipated; we knew that the Rising Sun in Air street, had been crowded on the previous evening with the tip-top patrons of milling, and that a large and select party of Corinthians had congregated at another celebrated house of resort for "millers" in a more west-

and aristocratic part of the town, where, after a gorgeous spread, they had discussed the battles of ancient times, and had speculated to a considerable amount upon the combat now under notice, many bets being laid about the "double event," 5 to 1 being freely offered and taken about the two Walkers winning their battles. The waiters at this celebrated crib were compelled to be early astir, as the intended travelers, who had not been present at a mill since the advent of Mr. Pinxtone, as caterer-general, were not aware of the change for the better which had taken place in the grubbery department, and, therefore, warned by experience, they determined to lay in such a supply of belly timber as would, if necessary, last them until their return to the metropolis. And now, "to return to our muttons." The cabs, as we were observing, poured into the yard at Shoreditch station in quick succession, and many were the familiar faces that we recognised, which are seldom met with at a mill unless it be one of paramount interest. By the time for starting there could not have been less than 100 Corinthians of the highest order, and a proportionate number of other ring-goers of humbler order being added, the crowd upon the platform was something considerable. The only absentee of any great note was his reverence of Bond street, but that worthy has of late so neglected his flock that his non-attendance at a mill is looked upon rather as a matter of course. A special train had been chartered for the occasion by Alec Keene and Johnny Walker, and, judging from appearances, they must have reaped an abundant harvest. A saloon carriage was attached for the use of the Patricians, but, as this would only hold 25 or 30, many, of course, were compelled to resort to the ordinary first-class carriages. In the saloon, however, were to be found most of the regular frequenters of the P. R., and among them a good deal of money was speculated on the way down. Bets were laid on double and treble events. In some instances money was laid out on the Spider—his name being coupled with King Tom for the Derby—in other cases Autocrat and the Spider was backed. When the event of the day only was touched upon, the prices varied considerably, throughout the morning. The first bet we heard laid was 18 to 12 on Spider, afterwards we heard 14 to 8, 20 to 10, &c. The train, which did not leave Shoreditch until half-past eight, proceeded but slowly to Chesterford, where an old patron of the sport was taken up, and final orders were given to the engineer, who then mended his pace, but the *locus in quo* was not reached until near twelve o'clock. Here a kind friend and patron was in waiting to act as pilot, and a move was quickly made to the scene of action. We regret to state that, during the process of debarkation, some of those gentry, who have no respect for the laws of *meum and tuum*, and who we were in hopes had long ago determined to "drop the shop," when out on a pleasure excursion, so far forgot themselves as to borrow a ticker, the property of a gentleman, who kindly granted the use of his lands for the mill. So poor a return for his hospitality could not, of course, be allowed; and, through the exertions of Alec Keene the watch was returned, on payment of a couple of sovereigns out of the funds of the Pugilistic Association. For the information of the conveyancers in question, we may just hint that no such reward will, in future, be paid them, and it will therefore be as well if they confine their practice to the metropolis, otherwise it will be found necessary to adopt some means to prevent their attendance at a sport which we believe to be as much a favorite with them as with other ring goers. "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse," and we trust that our nimble-fingered friends will take our hint in the kindly spirit in which it is meant.

As soon as an eligible piece of ground had been selected, Tom Oliver, assisted by Tom Callas and others, set to work with alacrity, and fixed the ropes and stakes on an excellent piece of turf. The inner and outer rings were arranged, and the sale of tickets for the former was carried on with great rapidity, and by the commencement of the fight no less than £24 17s. 6d. had been realised. Massey, who made his first appearance in the character of Inspector of Ring Police, rallied his forces round him, and cleared the arena for action in a way that did him infinite credit, and we may as well state at once that the ring was preserved from first to last most admirably. The Spider was the first to appear at the ring side, and it was some twenty minutes before he was followed by his opponent. Meantime, the little fellow busied himself by disposing of his colors, in which, we believe, he was eminently successful. He was attended by that prince of seconds Jack Macdonald, and Billy Hayes, who had come specially from his training quarters for the purpose, and who looked as fresh as paint. By one o'clock Walker, accompanied by his brother Johnny and his seconds, Jerry Noon and George Brown, made his appearance, and the diminutive champions at once stepped within the arena, where they shook hands in a most friendly way, and proceeded at once to arrange the preliminaries. The toss for choice of corners was won by Keene on behalf of the Spider, who of course placed his opponent with his face to the sun, and in a corner rather lower than his own. A referee was then chosen, and the Spider having tried in vain to lay out a £50 note, at 50 to 30, they commenced their toilettes under a blazing sun, from which, however, they were partially defended by gigantic umbrellas of the Gamp pattern. While they are in the hands of their valets we will, according to custom, and by the desire of numerous readers, give such facts in connection with their former careers as are in our possession. Alfred Walker, who is about 26 years of age, and stands 5ft. 3in., is, as our readers know, the youngest brother of the renowned Johnny Walker, formerly champion of the light weights, and now again a candidate for the same office. Previous to his contest on Tuesday he had only twice essayed his powers in the P. R., first with Darby, of Walsall, a bigger and heavier man than himself, over whom he obtained a victory, after a long and determined contest, in which he had a very uphill game to play. His other battle was with Jack Hicks, and must be fresh in the recollection of our readers; it took place Nov. 30, 1852, and lasted 2 hours and 45 minutes, ending in a draw on account of the darkness. Hicks was very much punished, and almost blind, while the hero of our tale, although his hands were both much injured, was otherwise comparatively unharmed, and, had there been a little more daylight, would, barring an accident, have come off a second time victorious; as it was, however, the friends of both men, considering that they had done enough for money, would not permit them to meet again, and presented to each the sum for which he had contended. Walker now retired into comparative quiet, and devoted himself to his business. There were several nibbles on his part at the Spider, but the latter declined to bite, deeming it unwise to give away the weight required by Walker, who would only consent to confine himself to 8st. 4lb., below which he doubted whether he could come. At length, however, the Spider, throwing aside all fear of the consequences, some time after his battle with Bowers, issued a challenge to fight any man in the world, and give half a stone, confining himself to 7st. 11lb; and this challenge being taken up by Walker, the present match was made—a match, be it observed, which was looked upon by many as extremely injudicious on the part of the Spider, who, it was known, would not be much over 7st. 5lb., and, therefore, if his adversary was near the stipulated 8st. 4lb., would be giving nearly a stone—an advantage for which it was thought all the cleverness in the world could not compensate. A great "entomologist," however, and staunch admirer of the Spider, considered that if little Joey "fancied" a man, he would be very near licking him, whoever he might be, and promised him his support, and the match, which many imagined would end in a forfeit to Walker, proceeded. Master Alf. was therefore compelled to doff the apron, and betake himself with all speed to the flannels, in which, under the guidance of his able brother, Johnny, he got himself into such good condition on the Newmarket Downs as to justify the remark that he was fit to fight for his life. He is a civil, quiet, well-behaved young man, and is a general favorite.

The Spider, who is about 25 years of age, is a sprig from the Borough school, and is far better known in the pugilistic world than his opponent. He commenced his career March 28th, 1848, with one Cornwell, for £10 a side, when he obtained an easy victory in 18 rounds, and 29 minutes. He next fought and beat Jemmy Herbert for £25 a side, in in 100 rounds, occupying two hours and fifteen minutes, Jan. 29th, 1850. On Sept. 24th, the same year, he vanquished Jemmy Madden, after an exciting contest, in 56 rounds, and 91 minutes. After this, on the 14th of January, 1851, he fought a draw with Harry Adams, the battle ending, after two hours duration, in a disputed foul blow. In Sept. 1861, he fought and beat Jemuy Trainer, of Liverpool, for £50 a side, in 49 rounds, and 80 minutes; and, after this, we do not find him engaged in a pugilistic encounter until his battle with Bill Bowers of Bilingsgate, on the 19th of April last year, when he gained rather an easy victory in 1h. 24min., during which 25 rounds were fought. The contest might, no doubt, have been prolonged had Bowers been gifted with a larger share of pluck, but we doubt whether the result could have been altered. The circumstances attending the present match have been alluded to in our short summary of the doings of Walker, and therefore require no further comment. The Spider, by his universal good conduct, has endeared himself to all who know him, while his trim, neat, little figure, and his extreme cleverness in the use of his feelers, have procured for him general admiration, and he is always looked upon as the wonder of the *feather* tribe. He took his final breathing for the contest of Sutton, where he was looked after by Billy Hayes, so that, by a singular coincidence the champion of the feather weights was trained by the champion of the light weights, while the candidate for honors among the feathers was looked after by the candidate for the light weight championship. And now, having exhansted all we have to say in the shape of introductory matter, we will to the description of the mill. All being in readiness, at 26 minutes after one, the youths were delivered at the scratch, the usual daddle shaking took place, and business commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As soon as the men stood in battle array, all eyes, were of course, directed to their appearance. The Spider looked as graceful as ever, his neatly turned legs, small feet and ancles, immensely long arms and delicate wrists, created much astonishment among those who had never seen him peeled; but, although there was a delicacy of form, their was also an appearance of that strength to be found in his namesake of the insect tribe. True, he was thin, and light looking, but there was plenty of muscle upon his feelers, and also on his back and shoulders, and his small snakelike head and neck gave him a sharp, wide awake appearance, which, coupled with a smile of easy confidence, increased the confidence of his friends, who were vociferous in their offers to back him 2 to 1—odds which the friends of Walker were not backward in accepting; in which we may say they were justified by the appearance of their champion. Walker stands about half an inch taller than the Spider, and, on throwing himself into attitude, displayed a muscular development which could hardly have been expected in so small a man. His figure reminded us strongly of his brother Johnny in his palmy days, broad shouldered, sturdy, and square. His arms were not so long as the Spider's, but they were far more muscular, and were evidently dangerous weapons when wielded by one said to possess equal skill with his brother in the art of hitting. His attitude was good, but to our mind too stiff; but this might have been in comparison to his opponent, who is remarkable for his easy, elegant position. He looked all the 7lb heavier than the Spider, and was evidently a dangerous customer, and one looked upon by many good jugges (not led away by their blind confidence in the little one) as an almost certain conqueror. Little time was lost on either side in sparring; the Spider went at once to his man, feinted, and let go his left, which reached Alf's right brow rather heavily. The Spider grinned, and again put out his *antenna*, but Walker was prepared for him, and let go his left to counter him, and the Spider seeing this drew back his arm. The Spider made a second attempt of a like nature, which was foiled by Walker's sledge hammer. Joe then, as if tired of vain attempts, dashed in, and some slight exchanges took place, Walker on the ribs and the Spider on the right cheek; Walker's head at the same moment coming in contact with the stake. No great damage was done, and the Spider slipped down.

2. Walker, without any ado, opened the ball by dashing out his left and right; the former was short, but the latter reached Joe's left peeper. The Spider returned quickly on the left cheek and in getting away slipped and fell on his nether end. Walker also overreaching himself, fell.

3. Walker again commenced proceedings, as if determined to cut the Spider down at once. He caught the Spider on the left side of the head heavily with his left, and the Spider missed his return. Walker then closed, and some mutual fibbing, without mischief, took place, and Walker in the end finding he could not throw the Spider, got down, getting a rap from the Spider's left as he fell.

4. Walker again went in, and caught the Spider on the left cheek, the latter, however, countered him beautifully, on the mouth, a very straight hit, and drew *first blood*. Walker persevered—he dashed in, but in an ungraceful scrambling way, with his arms wide apart, and the insect shot out his left heavily on the dexter peeper, and then his right on the ribs. Walker missed with both hands. He tried again, but only reached the Spider's left shoulder with his right. Still he would not be denied, and as he went open armed at the Spider, the latter met him straight on the left eye, inflicting a cut from which the ruby was quickly perceptible, Walker reaching his ribs heavily with his right in return. A close at the ropes followed, in which Walker got the Spider round the waist, close to the corner stake, and pegged away heavily with his disengaged arm at the ribs, on which he left very visible marks of his knuckles. At length both fell over the ropes, Walker uppermost.

5. Walker's right cheek was a good deal swollen and his left eye showed the marks of the Spider's handy-work, being nearly closed. Offers of 3 and 4 to 1 on the Spider were now heard, and indeed seemed to be justified by the appearance of the men, the Spider being as yet without a scratch, and both Walker's eyes showing evidence of going into mourning. Walker again went wildly in with his arms open, and let go both hands. The Spider cleverly stepped between them, however, and dashed out his nimble left, catching Alf very straight on the right cheek, and immediately got out of harm's way. Walker, who clearly had orders to force the fighting, and to go in at all hazards, followed him up, and the Spider, nothing loth, stood and hit with him. Walker's blows missed, while the little one propped him beautifully on the bridge of his conk, a regular stinger, and both were then down in a scramble, Spider undermost.

6. Walker, on the same system, went to work, and let go his left and right, but was beautifully stopped by the smiling Spider, who seemed to treat his efforts with contempt. He tried again, and once more did his smeller come in contact with the Spider's left feeler, which was sent out as straight as a carpenter's rule. The Spider then went at his opponent, and attempted to repeat the visitation, but Walker jumped away, and the Spider, overbalancing himself, fell flat on his face.

7. Walker as usual went in with both hands in a determined manner, but the Spider cleverly avoided both, and, with great quickness, planted his right on Alfred's left peeper, missing a visitation on the dial with his left. Walker then bored in, and closed, and both fell.

8. Walker, whose phisog was much flushed, came up laughing, as did his gallant little opponent, whose quickness and skill were universally admired. Walker let go both hands, but the Spider avoided his blows and planted his left on the bread basket. Walker again followed him up, and napped another tell-tale hit on the left ogle from the Spider's right. He succeeded, however, in planting a severe counter-hit on the mouth, which drew claret, and seemed almost to knock the Spider off his pins. It was evidently a hot one, but Joe treated it with contempt and closed. Walker almost succeeded in getting down, but the Spider cleverly lifted him up, and, after a long struggle succeeded in throwing, and falling on him.

9 and last. Walker went in as he had done in each of the previous rounds, and the Spider, nothing loth, went to him and attempted, as before, to prop him as he lunged out. He missed him, however, and Walker's blow, coming with great force, caught the poor little fellow on the left temple, and down he fell. It was at once seen that all was over. His seconds shook him, and threw water on him as he lay unconscious in the middle of the ring, but to no purpose. They then carried him to his corner, and after a copious sousing with water, he appeared slightly to recover. He was carried to the scratch, but on being put upright, was unable to stand; he staggered, and again falling forward, was caught by his seconds. It was, of course long after time, and Walker had by this time left the ring. Some of Spider's friends attempted to claim the fight on the ground that Walker had left the ring before time was called. We did not see when he left, our attention being directed to the Spider, but as the latter was clearly out of time, and unable to walk to the scratch, this was a mere quibble, which was no doubt suggested in the heat of the moment, and adopted by those who, like ourselves, could scarcely believe their eyes, and were loth to imagine it possible that the Spider was actually beaten in so short a time as *sixteen minutes and half*. Reflection and inquiry, however, convinced these parties that there was no justice in their claim, and it was not pursued. Walker was proclaimed the winner, amidst the cheers of his patrons, and all being over, a move in the direction of the train took place.

The Spider, on reaching his carriage, was much affected at his ill-fortune, but was somewhat consoled by the hope of better luck next time. Beyond a slight mark on the temple, and a cut on his upper lip, he had not a scratch, while Walker's right eye was nearly closed, the left not much better; his mug was considerably swollen, and strongly indicative of Joe's powers as a portrait painter. All the spectators, were, with some difficulty, got into the train, and the expedition got under way for home by half-past three o'clock, and, after a slow and tedious journey, the *voyageurs* were safely landed in the metropolis by half-past six. The only consolation for the shortness of the mill being that it was, so far as it went, a manly, straightforward affair—and was so far unsatisfactory in its result, that a second passage of arms between the same men must inevitably be the result.

REMARKS.

The short duration of this affair necessarily tends greatly to curtail our usual remarks. It was clear, from the very commencement, that the gallant little Spider held his opponent much too cheap, and was so eager to cut him down at once, that all regard for his own personal safety seemed to be thrown on one side. He apparently thought himself invulnerable and invincible, and forgetting that he was opposed to a stronger and better man than he had ever before met, went to work in his old style, and a very pretty and telling style it was, when played with caution. Each round evidently gave him fresh confidence; he was enabled to get on to Walker's dial heavily, and frequently with impunity, and succeeded in so damaging his optics, that one was completely closed on the following day, and the other was in deep mourning. He has, if possible, improved since he fought Bowers, and his extraordinary quickness and the length of his reach, coupled with his cool determination, completely electrified those who had never before seen him figure in the P. R. We should have been better pleased, however, to see a little more caution exhibited at the commencement. To attempt to cut down a formidable adversary like Walker was exceedingly bad generalship, and was contrary to the advice of his seconds and friends. Confidence is a very good thing, but when carried to excess often leads us into error. Had he kept away, and contented himself with a prop now and again, at long shots, instead of going to close quarters, the very game to suit such an adversary as Walker, he would have stood a much better chance of victory. He has no doubt learned a lesson on this occasion which will not, in future, be thrown away upon him Whether he would have been able to gain the victory by confining himself to out-fighting, is impossible to say; but no one will, we think, deny that such a course would have considerably increased his chance of retaining his title.

Walker rather disappointed us in his style of milling, for we must say that, knowing how he had exhibited on former occasions, and also bearing in mind that he had been under the mentorship of the renowned Johnny, we did expect great things from him, and were not a little surprised to see him go in with his arms wide apart and his phizog quite open to the attacks of his nimble adversary. He is by far the harder hitter, and, even without much science, must be always a dangerous customer. It is probable that on Tuesday he was flurried and over-anxious, and therefore forgot his usual tactics, and, as he cooled down, might have become more steady and fought with more precision; but certainly, as far as we saw on Tuesday, there was no comparison as to science between him and the Spider. The result of the mill, short as it was, is anything but satisfactory, as it forms no criterion of the merits of either of the champions, and we trust that the anxious desire of the Spider for another trial will be cheerfully responded to by his gallant opponent, and that we shall shortly have another match which may be decisive of the question as to which is the better man. Walker, we understand, has intimated his intention of not fighting again, but we are inclined to believe he will have no objection to another turn with the Spider. Challenges from other persons we know will be refused. He is about to go into a larger house, where all his attention will be required by his business, and we do not blame him for his intention to stick to it. The money is to be given up at Alfred Walker's own house, the Duke of Argyll, Laystall-street, Liquorpond-street, Gray's Inn-lane, on Tuesday next. The Spider's friends are so satisfied with him for getting himself into such excellent condition, and are so convinced that he only lost by an accident, that they have promised to pay him for his colors.

Fight For Wednesday Next.

PADDY GILL AND DAN M'NULTY, £100 A SIDE.—The veteran, Paddy Gill, the hero of about a dozen prize battles, will make one more last appearance in the P. R. on Wednesday next, on the home circuit, with Dan M'Nulty of Birmingham. The battle has been some months on the *tapis*, and is likely to create some considerable excitement in the milling world, and we doubt not it will prove doubly attractive, as the disappointment of Tuesday last must have tended to whet the appetites of the milling fraternity, and to make them anxious for more; as it takes place in the Easter holidays, too, the public will have more leisure to look after it, and a strong muster may be anticipated.

It is over.

Well, moving day is over, and we presume housekeepers are beginning to be settled in their new domiciles. But what a smash there has been—tables broken, mirrors smashed, crockery amputated, and Carpets ruined. However, as regards this latter very essential requisite in housekeeping, the loss occasioned by tearing or abusing does not matter much, for it is almost as necessary to purchase new Carpeting, about the first of May, as it is to move, and as the well known establishment of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, contains an indescribable variety, our housekeepers are no ways backward in visiting that celebrated spot, and purchasing a new supply, inasmuch as a really good article can be had there at lower prices than elsewhere.

Crossing the Danube.

No matter what importance may be attached to the fact of an army of Russians successfully crossing the Danube, that matter sinks into utter insignificance when compared to the announcement so publicly made that Rafferty & Leask, of 57 Chatham street and corner of Chatham and Pearl, still continue to manufacture and sell as rapidly as ever those novel and beautiful Daguerrean Hats, which have obtained such notoriety, and become so fashionable in this city. Of course our readers are aware that each purchaser has his Dagurreotype likeness presented him free of cost. A call at the above stores will testify as to the truth of all we have said.

Don't give it up.

Now that you have passed through the winter without being plagued with chapped hands, faces, &c., because you took our advice and used Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, you must not suppose that it is unnecessary to continue using that desirable article, for without it, your skin will become dark and ill-looking, from exposure to the sun, whereas, the use of this soap will remove all tan, freckles, &c., and give you a fine, clear complexion. We might also add, though its popularity renders it almost unnecessary, that Dr. Gouraud's Liquid Hair Dye will instantly change red or grey hair to a beautiful brown or jet black. Dr. Gouraud's office is at 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

The Fashionable Quarter.

The St. Nicholas Hotel is now the great centre of attraction to strangers visiting our city, as well as to our own inhabitants. In such a case it is not surprising that the Great Hat Emporium of Mr. J. H. James, No. 525 Broadway (St. Nicholas Hotel) should meet with such unexampled success as has of late rewarded the enterprise of its proprietor. When once it is known where a fashionable hat can be purchased, there will the fashionable world resort, but when it is also known that superiority in its manufacture and true artistic taste in the selection of materials, render its beauty unsurpassable, then truly will all classes of the community offer their patronage. This is the very obvious reason of the extensive patronage bestowed upon Mr. James' elegant establishment.

PERHAM AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

THIRD MONSTER GIFT ENTERprise, in connection with the Exhibitions of his magnificent and immense Mirror of North and South America, the exhibitions of which commence on Monday evening, May 1st.

100,000 Tickets only, at $1 each will be sold. Each purchaser of a Ticket for the Admission of Four Persons to the Exhibition, will be presented with a numbered Certificate, entitling the holder to One Share in the following 100,000 Gifts:

A FARM, located in Harrison Township, Gloucester County, New Jersey, and within 15 miles of Philadelphia. It embraces over 100 acres of land, in a high state of cultivation, with Dwelling, Barns, and other necessary out-houses, in good repair. There is a large orchard of choice fruits. A fine waterpower and good stone quarry are on the premises, the latter of which is the only one in the neighborhood, and on it the country in the immediate vicinity depend for public purposes. Title indisputable. Valued at	$16,000
(Any information in regard to the Farm can be obtained of Belan Redfield, tenant on the premises.)	
A Perpetual Loan, without security or interest,	5,000
" " " "	2,000
" " " "	1,000
2 " " " $500 *each*	1,000
10 " " " 100 "	1,000
The celebrated Trotting Mare "Lilly Dale," who can trot, in harness, a mile in 2:40—valued at	1,500
5 *Rosewood Pianos, valued at* $500 *each,*	2,500
5 " " " 300 "	1,500
(A portion of the Pianos are T. Gilbert & Co's celebrated Æolians, Specimens to be seen at the store of Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, others of Hallet, Davis & Co's splendid instruments, to be seen at J. E. Gould's Piano and Music Store, 163 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.)	
The splendid series of Paintings known as the "Mirror of New England and Canadian Scenery," and now realizing a handsome income by its Exhibitions in the East—valued at	22,000
3 *light and beautiful Carriages,* $225 *each,*	675
10 *Gold Watches,* $100 *each,*	1,000
40 " " 50 "	2,000
100 " *Pens and Cases,* 5 "	500
5000 " *Pencils,* 3 "	15,000
94,819 *pieces of choice, popular and fashionable Music, 25 cts. each,*	23,705
100,000 Gifts, Valued at	$96,380

In order to ensure to all concerned a perfectly fair and satisfactory disposition of the above named Gifts, Mr. Perham proposes that the Shareholders shall meet together on Thursday evening, June 22d, 1854, (or sooner, if all the tickets are sold—due notice of which will be given,) at some suitable place hereafter to be designated, and appoint a Committee of Five Persons, who may dispose of the property in such manner as the Shareholders, in general meeting shall direct; the Committee giving good and sufficient bonds, if required by the Shareholders, for the faithful performance of the duties required of them.

All orders for Tickets, by mail, should be addressed JOSIAH PERHAM, Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, New York. If it should happen that all the Tickets are sold when the order is received, the money will be returned, at our expense for postage. Correspondents will please write distinctly their name, residence, County and State, to prevent errors.

OFFICES FOR SALE OF TICKETS.

ACADEMY HALL, 663 Broadway.
HOWE'S COUGH CANDY STORE, 166 Chatham street.
LOVEJOY'S, HOWARD'S, and MERCHANTS' Hotels.
CATTEL'S DRUG STORE, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

$75,000 WORTH OF GIFTS

FOR THE PEOPLE—THE SUBSCRIbers respectfully announce to the public, that they have made arrangements with responsible parties in different cities of the Union for the sale of the justly celebrated Engravings known as ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS, and THE POOR RELATIONS. These Engravings have been pronounced by artists and connoisseurs the most exquisite specimens of the Fine Arts ever produced in this country. They are works of one of the most distinguished artists of the day, and have been prepared at great expense—the engraved plates alone having cost several thousand dollars. The size of the Engraving is 16 by 22 inches. The subscribers have made arrangements by which they can furnish these beautiful Engravings at the low rate of ONE DOLLAR each. Engravings of far less merit sell readily at $2 each. By issuing an edition of 75,000, the subscribers are enabled to sell them at the above price; and on completing the sale of the above number, will also be enabled to present to the purchasers of these Engravings the following splendid Gifts:

1 Beautiful Country Seat in Fairfield Co., Conn., valued at	$7,500
15 Fine Rosewood Pianoes, valued at $500 00	7,500
20 Fine Melodeons, valued at 150 00	3,000
40 Richly Carved Sofas, valued at 40 00	1,600
200 Urquhart's Celebrated Violins, valued at 6 00	1,200
100 Guitars, valued at 10 00	1,000
100 Fine Accordions valued at 10 00	1,000
15 Avery's Crystal Palace Medal Premium Sewing Machines, valued at 50 00	750
50 Superfine Gold Watches, valued at 100 00	5,000
50 Superfine Gold Watches, valued at 75 00	3,750
50 Ladies Gold Watches valued at 50 00	2,500
50 Super. Silver Lever Watches, valued at 25 00	1,250
50 Super. Silver Lever Watches, valued at 20 00	1,000
50 Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at 30 00	1,500
50 Gent's Gold Fob Chains, valued at 20 00	1,000
50 Ladies' Gold Fob Chains valued at 20 00	1,000
100 Sets Ladies' Pins and Earrings, valued at 10 00	1,000
200 Sets Ladies' Pins and Earrings, valued at 8 00	1,600
200 Sets Ladies' Ear-rings, valued at 7 50	1,500
200 Gent's Cluster Pins, valued at 5 00	1,000
1,000 Gold Rings, with settings, valued at 3 50	3,500
500 Gold Pencils, valued at 5 00	2,500
300 Gold Pencils, valued at 3 50	1,050
500 Pens, with cases, valued at 3 50	1,750
500 Ladies' Work Boxes, valued at 3 50	1,750
20 Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at 30 00	600
10 Ladies' Fine Broche Shawls, valued at 20 00	200
100 Gent's Watch Fobs, with seals, valued at 6 50	650
50 Double-barrel Guns, valued at 20 00	1,000
50 Pistols, valued at 6 00	300
1 Steel Plate of Life's Happy Hours, valued at	1,000
1 Steel Plate, The Poor Relations, valued at	1,000
100 Quarto Bibles, with plates, valued at 5 00	500
1,000 Clasp Bibles, valued at 1 00	1,000
10,000 Steel Engravings, the best likeness of Henry Clay ever published valued at 50	5,000
10,000 Steel Engravings of Powers' Greek Slave valued at 25	2,500
5,000 Boxes Oriental Tooth Powder, valued at 25	1,250
5,000 Fine Pen-knives, valued at 25,	1,250
5,000 Thirty Ways of Making Money, valued at 1 00	5,000

The subscribers will give to each purchaser of either of the above Engravings a numbered receipt, which will entitle the holder to a share in the "Gifts." A meeting of the shareholders will be held at the place in which the greatest number of Engravings shall have been sold, to appoint a Committee to receive the Gifts and make an equitable distribution of the same. The undersigned pledge themselves to fulfil the engagements which they have entered into with the public, in the most straightforward and honorable manner. All orders should be addressed to L. W. ABBOTT & CO., Manhattan Hotel, No. 133 Fulton street, New-York. All Communications, (post-paid) enclosing $1, will receive prompt attention, and the Engravings sent by return mail to any part of the country. Please preserve this for future reference.

apr 22 L. W. ABBOTT & CO.

$300,000

WORTH OF GIFTS FOR THE PEOple! Prof. HART'S Great Gift Enterprise of the Whole World!

WORLD'S HALL,
Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, New-York.

Prof. J. WOODMAN HART, Proprietor and Manager.
F. H. E. BROWN, Treasurer.
G. L. MORTON, Cor Sec'y.
C. ASHTON HANKINS, Descriptive Lecturer.
Miss C. LE BARON MURDOCH, Vocalist and Pianist.

PROF. J. WOODMAN HART

Would respectfully inform the citizens of New-York, and the World at large, that for the purpose of enabling all to see his wonderful illustration of the Entire World, the first and only thing of the kind ever produced, now on exhibition at the World's Hall, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, and for the purpose of popularizing American Art, and also of giving world-wide notoriety to his renowned "Books of Travels, Adventures and Anecdotes," which should be read by the million, as well as to secure for the ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL called "THE WHOLE WORLD" the largest circulation of any literary or business paper extant, he will distribute among the purchasers of his One Dollar Tickets 300,000 Magnificent and Valuable Gifts, amounting to the sum total of $300,000.

LIST OF GIFTS.

Prof. Hart's Whole World, worth an immense fortune to any one, valued at	$50,000
Prof. Hart's Elegant Country Seat, with 100 acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, the buildings on which cost $15,000, situated upon Long Island Sound, and commanding a magnificent view of 30 miles in every direction, valued at	25,000
A Cash Loan for 100 Years, without interest or security,	10,000
The Celebrated Model of the City of San Francisco, now on exhibition, valued at	8,000
Prof. Hart's far famed Panorama of the Holy Land,	10,000
A Magnificent City Residence in New-York,	17,000
100,000 *Volumes of Prof. Hart's Extensive Travels in the Old and New World, interspersed with remarkable Adventures, amusing Anecdotes, and Thrilling Incidents, elegantly bound, with gilt edges, including a portrait of the Author,*	75,000
Twenty-five Building Lots, each containing 10,000 square feet, in a beautiful village in the suburbs of New-York City, each valued at $500,	12,500
30 *Elegant Rosewood Piano Fortes, at* $300	9,000
5 " " *Melodeons,* 100	2,500
20 " " *Melodeons,* 100	2,000
50 " *Gold Watches,* 100	5,000
100 " " 75	7,500
100 " " 50	5,000
200 " " 25	5,000
100 " " *Bracelets,* 15	1,500
1,000 " " *Rings,* 2	2,000
2,000 " " 1	2,000
200 *sets elegant Silver Teaspoons,* 9	1,800
50 " *Dessert Spoons,* 12	600
25 " *Table Spoons,* 18	450
20,000 *Vols. Mrs. Partington's Carpet Bag of Fun, at 25 Cents,*	10,000
30,000 *Pieces of the most Fashionable Music, at 25 Cents each,*	7,500
35,000 *Elegant Steel Engraving, at 25 Cents each,*	8,750
80,000 *Finely Engraved Pocket Maps of the City of New-York,*	14,127 75
31,089 *Porte-Monnaies, at 25 Cts. each,*	7,772 25
300,000 Gifts,	$300,000

A VALUABLE GIFT FOR EVERY TICKET.

Each $1 Ticket entitles the holder to Four Admissions to the Exhibition, or to one year's subscription to the Illustrated Family Literary and Commercial Journal, called "The Whole World," and also to one of the 300,000 Gifts, thus ensuring every person investing in this stupendous enterprise the full worth of his or her money, and a rare chance to realize a fortune beside. Ticket-buyers will also receive, engraved on their ticket, when purchased, an elegant portrait of Professor Hart, and a correct and elaborate drawing of his splendid Country Seat, one of the Gifts, to which a Grand Free Excursion will be given.

When the Three Hundred Thousand Tickets are sold, the property will be placed at the disposal of a Committee appointed by the ticket-holders of any place wherein the greatest number have been sold, to be so distributed as shall be perfectly fair and satisfactory to all concerned; and judging from the increasing rapidity with which the tickets are being purchased by all classes of people in every part of the country, it is reasonable to conclude that the enterprise will soon terminate in the happiest style.

All orders by mail must be addressed, post-paid, money enclosed, to Prof. J. Woodman Hart, Nos. 377 and 379 Broadway, World's Hall, New-York, and the tickets will be forwarded promptly to any part of the world.

If any orders are received after the tickets have all been sold, the enclosed money will be promptly returned to the persons sending it.

Every ticket-holder will be duly notified of the time and manner of the distribution of the Gifts, and all may safely rely upon the honorable fulfillment of the undertaking. When the Gifts are awarded, holders of tickets shall also be promptly notified as to what Gift they will receive.

It is advisable for those desirous of securing a year's subscription to the unique pictorial journal called

"THE WHOLE WORLD,"

To remit the money immediately, in order to commence with the beginning of the first volume.

J. WOODMAN HART,
Proprietor and Editor.

AGENTS.—Persons desiring to become Agents for the sale of Tickets, by forwarding, (post-paid,) One Dollar, shall be sent a Gift Ticket and a Prospectus containing all necessary information.

REFERENCES IN NEW-YORK.

L. E. BULKELEY, Attorney-at-Law, 49 Wall-street.
F. J. VISSCHER & CO., Real Estate Brokers, 346 Broadway.

Any information relative to the Gifts may be obtained through the Office of the World's Hall, where also may be had any other responsible reference desired.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

DR. DUPONCO'S FRENCH PERIODical Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses. These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box.

Sold at Retail by

DE GRAFF, corner of Allen and Grand streets.
CONCKLIN, corner of Broadway and 34th street.
HINTON, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th street.
BELDEN, 91 8th Avenue.
SMITH, 42 Greenwich street.

And at Wholesale by

C. V. CLICKNER & Co. 81 Barkley street.
HALL, RUCKLE & Co. 220 Greenwich street.
ALEXANDER & STEELE, 82 Barkley street.

N. B. The Pills will be sent to any part of the City or Country by enclosing $1. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway, Union Square or Chatham street Post Offices, New York.

Agents wanted, address as above.

Ross & Jones,

NO. 21 ANN STREET,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR SUPPLYING the city and country with Daily and Weekly News-papers, Cheap Books and Magazines, take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in the city. All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangment with the numerous Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.
The first and oldest established company in existence.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD
The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.
THE COMPANY,
Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.

The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful w

Written for the New-York Clipper.

The Silver Horns:

OR,

THE CHASE.

BY ROBERT R. BECKWITH.

CHAPTER I.

In what year the following events took place I know not, and I presume that no one else does, and with this highly important information, I shall go on with my story.

Once upon a time there was a king, and this king was King of Germany, who, when young, had been a great hunter, and was therefore a lover of the chase; but one day his father died, and the Prince, poor fellow, being the eldest son, was crowned king. Still, however, although a king, he did not forget the sports of his youth; and here, if I wished, I could make a few observations about the forgetfulness of kings, but as they would lengthen the story, I, with the reader's permission, will keep the observations to myself.

Well, this king gave a grand hunting match every year, not only to his own subjects, but to all that chose to attend. Every year he let forth a stag, and, whoever brough him back received a prize from the hands of the king. Now in those days this was deemed a great honor; and every one that entered the chase, did so, with the determination of killing the stag and winning the prize.

At the time we speak of, the king had been married some eighteen years, and two years after marriage, his royal consort the queen, presented him with a daughter. Of course the king, as in duty bound, was overjoyed, so much so, that he forgot the chase and everything appertaining to it.

Two months before the time we are about to speak of, this daughter had reached her sixteenth year. She was beautiful, nay, more than beautiful, she was the fairest flower of Germany; and for a wonder, of a mild and forgiving disposition. She was affectionate, and loved her parents as a princess only can love.

Well, this daughter, this princess, was so beautiful, that her father gave her the name of Rose. The fame of her beauty spread throughout the world; and many kings and princes came to see her. Even, Thun Khan, Emperor of China, came to see her. So surprised was he at her peerless beauty, that he asked her father's consent to his marriage. But the king did not relish the idea of his daughter's marrying an old and fat man, even though he was Emperor of China. Therefore, when the Thun Khan repeated the question, the king gave no decided answer. He requested the immortal Thun Khan to give him a fortnight to consider the proposition. Thun Khan consented; and by way of passing his time, he ate rice with chop sticks; and one day being in a very good humor, he invited the king to dine with him off a large rat that he had just trapped. On hearing this the king fainted.

The fortnight flew by on the wings of time, and Thun Khan requested an answer. The king called his nobles together, and after talking and eating, rejecting this and accepting that, they came to a decision. Heralds were sent throughout the world, yea, even into the very regions of Greenland, announcing that on the first day of the new year, there would be a grand hunt, so grand, that the world never saw its like before, and for all that they knew, never would again. The stag with the silver horns, the fleetest animal in the world, was to be let loose, and he who killed him and brought back the silver horns to the king, should marry Rose, the Princess of Germany.

On hearing this, every one, excepting Thun Khan and the King of Prussia, was delighted. The former had never rode a horse in his life, or borne arms, excepting the chop sticks, which, by the way, are indispensible to a native of the celestial Empire. The latter was very fat, so much so, that no horse in the world was able to carry him. One of his sons suggested that he might ride an elephant; but the king, who was of a lazy disposition, cared more for his own pleasure than the Princess of Germany. Thun Khan returned to his own country, and comforted himself by reading the works of the immortal XIX Zangfow, and in gazing at the sun and moon. The King of Prussia went to sleep and never woke again.

Meanwhile, preparations were being made at the palace from the chase. The silver-horned stag was washed, and shoes placed on his feet so that he might run the faster. The king took charge of this himself. The noblemen sent couriers throughout all the world, offering enormous sums for the fleetest horses. Asia, Africa, and indeed all Europe, resounded with the sound of their voices. Some even cried in the words of Shakspere: "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

When the couriers returned, the nobles were satisfied. Each imagined that his horse was better than that of his neighbors: they said as much aloud. From words they proceeded to blows, and from blows to steel. Many duels were fought and a great number of knights slain; and all on account of their horses.

By and Bye, the knights began to see how how foolish they were. The survivors shook hands with each other and were reconciled. The dead were buried, and thus ended the quarrel about horses.

By and bye, knights from other countries began to pour in. Those that were poor, fixed their residences in some retired spot: those that were rich, built themselves palaces or erected gorgeous tents. Those that were poor, amused themselves by walking about and conversing with each other: those that were rich, held nightly revels in the halls of their palaces.

When within four weeks of the new year, the knights began to take much exercise. Some of them went without food for several days, and were up at daybreak. Others again entered their names for the tournaments, which daily took place in a large field near the palace. Others rode sixty or seventy miles a day and returned only at dark. All were, as they ought to have been, happy.

In the meantime the king was not idle. The most costly dresses were bought; the famous dressmakers of Paris (famous even in those days) were sent for. The largest diamonds in the world, among them the Lohinoor, now worn by Queen Victoria, were borrowed from the Indian king. The king had sworn that his daughter should be the richest dressed in the world, and he kept his word.

It was the thirty-first of December; but one day more, and then for the chase. The sun shone brightly, and the air was cool and pleasant. Even the moon peeped out from behind the clouds. The weather was neither too warm nor too cold. In fact, to use the words of a great modern philosopher yclept Mose, "It was just right, and nothing else."

For two days previous, the roads leading to the palace had been thronged with emperors, kings, princes, dukes, earls, lords, marquises, knights, etc., followed by their esquires and servants. The ground for three miles around the palace was covered with tents. Innumerable flags were waving in the breeze; among them were—the cross of St. George; the double-headed eagle of Austria; the thistle of Scotland; the crescent of Turkey, and many others.

Directly opposite the palace a road two miles wide had been constructed; this was the starting-place. The ground had been made smooth, the stones taken away, and, in fact, everything that could trip or lame a horse had been removed. Here were all the knights drawn up in a straight line. About a mile from the palace, and on the same road, was a small house, and in this the Silver Horned Stag was confined. The esquires, servants, and all those that wished to view the knights, stood on the sides of the road.

A loud blast from a trumpet, followed by the cry of "the king! the king!" caused all eyes to turn towards the balcony; there stood the king, and by his side the princess. A loud cry burst from the multitude; another and another followed; that one cry was echoed, not only throughout all Germany, but throughout all the world, and back again.

Another blast from the trumpet, and all was silence; the king waived his hand as a signal, and a herald who stood near him blew a loud blast, and in a strong voice cried: "He who brings back the silver horns shall wed the flower of Germany."

Again the multitude shouted.

"To-day," continued the herald, "the king will raise all those who entered to join in the chase; to-morrow, at sunrise, the stag is to be let loose, and he who brings back the horns shall wed the flower of Germany;" and thus concluding his speech, the herald bowed and withdrew.

At the hour of noon, the doors of the palace were thrown open and a party of soldiers, armed with spears, took their stations beside them. Another party lined the sides of the road, so as to leave an open space for those who wished to enter the palace. Over fifty thousand persons, men, women, and children, stationed themselves on the sides of the road for the double purpose of seeing the knights and conversing on their appearance.

Suddenly, the trumpet sounded. It was a signal to inform the knights that the king was prepared to receive them. His majesty was seated on a throne at one end of the wide and spacious hall. On his right-hand side was seated the princess. But one knight was permitted to enter at a time; a herald stood at the door, and as each knight entered, he proclaimed his name and country in a loud voice. Each knight was preceded by his esquire, who carried his shield, on which was engraved his coat of arms.

One, two, three—but it is of no use to count them—over a thousand persons have entered and left the palace since the doors were first opened. But who is it that now approaches with such a lordly air? His armor, which is of the richest and lightest kind, fits his graceful person admirably; the hilt of his sword is studded with jewels; in the center of his helmet, directly over his forehead, is a jewel worth a king's ransom; his spurs are made of gold; in the center of his breast is a cross, formed of jewels; a visor conceals his features; no one, not even the herald, knows him.

"Sir Knight," asked the herald, "your name?"

"The unknown," was the reply.

"Your name?" repeated the herald; "your real name?"

"Hugh de Nott," was the reply.

"Of France?" asked the herald.

"No, of England," was the reply. "Has not the fame of my deeds reached you here?"

The herald made no reply to the question, but said, briefly, "raise your visor."

The knight obeyed; his features were delicately formed; but what somewhat spoiled their expression was a haughty curl of the lip. Still, he was a handsome-looking knight, and appeared to be about twenty or twenty-five years of age.

"Hugh de Nott, of England," said the herald, making a sign to the knight to move forward.

"Welcome," said the king, holding out his hand. The knight raised it respectfully to his lips, and bowing to the princess, passed on.

Another knight now appeared; his armor was of a deep black; there was no attempt at ornament; the shield borne before him by his esquire was bent in several places; engraved on it was a knight on horseback; beneath the horse's feet lay an infidel. As the knight drew near the herald, he raised his visor; his dark eye, noble forehead, the small mouth, the haughty curl of the lip, all proclaimed that he was both brave and proud.

"My name," said he, "is Du Bois, of France."

"Du Bois, of France," cried the herald, gazing on the knight with admiration. On hearing this name, the king and princess bent forward to catch a glimpse of this renowned knight, who, although young, was second to no knight in bravery and daring achievements.

"Welcome," said the king, extending his hand; the knight raised it respectfully to his lips.

"Your Majesty," said he, as he gazed on the princess, "I have seen the beauties of France, and of England, of Italy, and of Spain, but I never saw one like this;" and with a low bow he withdrew.

The princess gazed after his retreating form; there was a smile, half of pleasure, half of surprise, on her beautiful face; her father noticed it.

"Daughter," said he, "it appears as though this knight has made some impression on you."

"I hope he may win the prize, father," was the expressive reply.

Leaving the other knights to take care of themselves, we will follow Hugh De Nott. On leaving the palace, he walked rapidly towards his tent; two men were pacing to and fro before the entrance.

"Have you obeyed my orders?" asked De Nott, as he drew near.

"We have," was the reply.

"And suffered no one to enter?"

"No one," was the reply.

"Has any one been here?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Seiguin and Lordorles."

"You did not suffer them to enter the tent?"

"No; neither did they attempt it."

"Had they no suspicions?" asked De Nott. The reply was in the negative.

"Good!" exclaimed De Nott, as he entered the tent. "Arnold!" he cried.

On hearing this name, a boy apparently fifteen years of age, sprang from a bed on which he had been lying. On seeing the knight he said, "It is done."

"Good again," said De Nott; "fortune favors me."

The tent was divided into four parts; in the middle one was seated a man whose curly locks, keen black eyes and features, told that he was a Jew; on a table near by were two silver horns, curiously shaped. As Hugh De Nott entered, the man sprang up and bowed.

"It is done," said he, pointing to the horns; De Nott took them up, and attentively examined them.

"Are you sure that these are exact?" he asked.

"They are, in every respect," was the reply. "You can see that the top of one of them is cracked, and there is a small notch in the other. They are so like the others that no one can tell them apart."

De Nott drew forth a purse of gold, and handed it to the Jew; a strange smile passed over his features as he did so.

"Remain here," he said, "until the chase is over."

"And why?" exclaimed the Jew; "I have finished my task, and you have paid me; what more do you want?"

"Dare you question me?" cried De Nott, angrily. "No, you do not leave the tent till the chase is over; after that, you may go where you please."

"And why——"

"Why," repeated De Mott, "you would not be in the street five minutes before you would blab your secret, and then——"

"But I swear—"

"Swear what you please," said De Nott, "I know the value of a Jew's oath; I learned that lesson in the Holy Land; and now—not another word." Saying this he left the tent.

The Jew threw himself into a chair, and trembled violently.

"Does he mean to murder me?" he said. "I must escape from this as soon as possible."

The tent of Du Bois, compared with that of De Nott's, was a poor affair. Instead of silk it was of canvass. Still, however, if one looked more for accommodation than ornament, he would have chosen that of Du Bois. There was an air of simplicity about it, more pleasing to the eye, than all the gaudy trappings of De Nott's were able to prodnce.

Du Bois was seated in his tent; his helmet lay npon the table beside him: he seemed to be both anxious and impatient. A dozen times he arose from his chair and walked towards the entrance of the tent, and then as quickly withdrew. It seemed as though he was expecting some one with news of importance.

"By St. Denis," said he, as he paced rapidly to and fro, "I can ill brook this delay; how I wish he would come," and he walked towards the entrance. Suddenly, he paused and fixed his eyes on the ground. "If he should fail," he muttered—"fail! I thought not of that before. But *if* he *should* fail—but no, he cannot: the Jew is avaricious; for the loan of a horse, I have offered him more than the animal is worth."

His thoughts now took another turn.

"De Nott, how lucky I saw him. I wonder if he would recognize in me the boy that overthrew him in the tournament at Paris some years since? No, I think not. How gallant he looked, and I, although poor, I envy him not. But what a curse there is in poverty. The rich keep from me as if I had the plague. Oh! poverty, thou art a blessing to some, and a curse to others. Riches, I can speak the same of you," and he paced to and fro rapidly.

"Look at me," he muttered, "although a knight and a noble one, I am shunned; and why? Because I am poor. De Nott hurled that reproach, if so it may be called, at me, when I overthrew him at Paris. I, who the moment before, had been greeted with shouts, was now looked upon with disdain. Instead of being the victor, I was the conquered, and conquered by what? Mere words; but never mind. Let me but catch the stag, and then De Nott, we shall meet again."

His thoughts were now interrupted by the noise of a horse rapidly approaching. Instead of rushing to the entrance of his tent as he would have done a moment before, the Knight threw himself into a chair. A deep perspiration covered his brow; and he was obliged to lean upon the table to keep himself from falling.

"In one minute," said he, "I shall know whether I am to win the princess, or—"

His speech was interrupted by the entranee of his esquire, a youth of fifteen.

"I have succeeded," he cried, with a look of joy.

The Knight sprang from his chair and clasped the boy in his arms.

"The blessings of our lady rest upon thee," he said.

"Amen," said the boy, fervently.

"And what think you of him?" asked the knight.

"Beautiful! splendid!" cried the boy, with enthusiasm; "but come, he is at the door."

Both walked to the entrance of the tent; near by stood a horse of a jet black color.

"A beautiful animal," said the knight, gazing at the horse with admiration; "lead him into the tent, Rodolph; we must keep a watchful eye on him."

Again we take the reader to De Nott's tent. When we spoke of it before, it contained but three persons: Hugh De Nott, the Jew, and the esquire. It was now filled with soldiers; in the center stood De Nott.

"To-night," said he, "you must away. Each of you take a cross bow; examine each arrow, and see that it is without tault. You must ride along the road thirty miles, and then you, Clifford, must dismount and conceal yourself behind a tree. The others must then spread a distance of eighty miles. When the stag passes you, let fly your arrows. If you should fail to bring him down, and any of the knights should do so, shoot him Remember, on this depends all my hopes. No one must be suffered to *return* with the silver horns. This most important matter I entrust to you. On it depends whether you are to die poor or rich—whether you are to serve a knight or a *king*. As to the horns and stag, fling them into some pond or ditch. Go!"

[REMAINDER NEXT WEEK.]

Milling in Australia.

Our Australian sporting cotemporary, "Bell's Life in Sydney," of December 10, contains an account of a mill between Joe Teale (the Windsor Nugget) and Tom Sparkes, the brother of Bill Sparkes, who paid a visit to this country, and fought Nat. Langham. Tom Sparkes, whose weight is about 9st. 8lb., has fought many battles in his time, and, among others, has encountered the well-known Bungaree, by whom he was defeated. Teale is unknown to fame. The fight was for £50 a side, and took place in the locality of Cook's River. It was a gallant struggle, and ended in favor of Teale, after fighting 53 rounds in 57 minutes.—*Bell's Life in London.*

A Card to the Ladies.—Dr. Duponco's French Periodical Golden Pills, infallible in removing stoppages or irregularities of the menses. These Pills are nothing new, but have been used by the Doctor for many years, both in France and America, with unparalleled success in every case; and he is urged by many thousand ladies, who have used them, to make the Pills Public, for the alleviation of those suffering from any irregularities whatever, as well as to prevent pregnancy to those ladies whose health will not permit an increase of family. Pregnant females, or those supposing themselves so, are cautioned against using these pills while pregnant, as the proprietor assumes no responsibility after the above admonition, although their mildness would prevent any mischief to health; otherwise these pills are recommended. Full and explicit directions accompany each box. All orders must be sent to Dr. J. Duponco, Broadway Post Office, and they will be sent, confidentially, to any part of the city or country by mail.

Sold by Burton & Steele, Broadway, corner of Howard street; De Graff corner of Allen and Grand streets; Hinton, corner of 8th Avenue and 20th street; Charles Belding, 91 8th Avenue; Badger, Newark; Vosburg & Son, Elizabethtown; Weeks & Potter, Boston.

Agents wanted for every town and city. Address Dr. J. DUPONCO, Broadway P.O., New York.

Ross & Jones,

NO. 21 ANN STREET,

GENERAL AGENTS FOR SUPPLYING the city and country with Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Cheap Books and Magazines, take great pleasure in giving notice that they have now completed their arrangements with the Publishers for filling the orders of their customers at least one day in advance of any other house in the city.

All the Morning papers are sent by the early train on the morning of their publication, and by this arrangment with the numerious Rail Road and Steamboat lines, we are enabled to pack cheap publications &c., in the same bundle, so that our patrons not only secure their orders in advance, but at the same time save the expense of freight on the extra packages of Books and Magazines.

Now all of you Country Dealers who are bothered almost to death by lateness and irregularity of your bundles, send on the cashgand give the WORKING FIRM a trial, and you will have no cause in future to complain. "Care and speed" is our motto.

Price & Winans,

135 ANN STREET, NEW YORK,

WHOLESALE AGENTS, for all the Daily and Weekly Newspapers, Magazines, Periodicals, Cheap Books, &c., &c.

Arrangements have been made to supply customers with all the Papers as soon as published, and particular attention will be paid to the packing and forwarding of all orders entrusted to our care.

Persons who wish their Papers sent at the earliest possible moment, may rely upon the *Young Firm* for promptness and accuracy.

MEDICAL DISPENSARY,

Established in 1832, *by Dr. George W. Bond, in Orchard street, New York,*

For the Cure of Venereal Disease in all its forms.

If you are unfortunate, and want to be cured and left in sound health, come to me; I am saving hundreds monthly. My father's reputation and my wonderful success will satisfy any person there is no humbug about this. Those that doubt, let them come and see for themselves, and if I don't do all I say I can, I will make them a present of $25 to go where they think they can do better. I use not ing that is injurious to the system; but use medicines that will strengthen a person, and leave them in sound health in the shortest possible time.

My Vegetable Strengthening Bitters is a speedy and permanent cure for all weakness of the organs of generation, and for that terrible affliction, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions. It has not, in a single instance, failed to effect a radical cure where it has been tried. Office arranged so that persons never meet going in or out. I have private rooms for each person. Medicines carefully put up and sent to all parts of the United States, with advice and full directions.

GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,
Successor to Dr. George W. Bond.

Office corner of Orchard and Grand sts., New York. Entrance No. 65 Orchard street.

Office hours from 10 till 12 A. M., and from 7 till 10 o'clock P. M.

☞ Price of Vegetable Strengthening Bitters $1 per bottle.

DR GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M.D.,

Son and Successor to Dr. Geo. W. Bond.

Principal Depot, No 65 Orchard, cor. of Grand street; and No. 77 Suffolk street, New York.

Wholesale agent, WILLIAM S. DUNHAM, No. 476 Broadway, white front, between Broome and Grand, New York.

And for sale at all Drug Stores throughout the city. Mar 4

MEDICAL ADVISER

AND MARRIAGE GUIDE—ELEVENTH Edition, 340 pages, cloth; with nearly seventy five colored engravings—representing all the diseases of the genital organs of the male and female; the most complete and practical work on the physiological mysteries and revelations of the male and female sexual systems ever published, with the latest experiments and discoveries in Reproduction. It illustrates anatomically and fully with the plates everything pertaining to the male and female genital systems; with a full description of the causes, symptoms and most certain mode of cure. of all the infirmities and diseases to which they are liable from the secret habits of youth, and excesses of maturer age, as involuntary loss of Semen and Impotency, and innocent or unforeseen affections, and those resulting from contraction, as Syphilis, (Primary and Constitutional,) Gonorrhœa or Blenorrhagia, (Clap) Gleet, Strictures, &c., &c., with numerous certificates of the most unparalleled cures ever performed. Every person, both married and single, should read this work.

Sold by all booksellers in the city and country, and by the author, M. LARMONT, Physician and Surgeon, No. 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, New York, formerly from Paris and London. Price $1, mailed free of postage to any address, securely sealed. Agents wanted in every town. The author cures all the diseases treated on in the work, at his old office, 42 Reade street, corner of Broadway, from 11 A. M. till 2 P. M., and from 6 till 9 in the evening. (Sunday, from 2 till 3 P. M.) N.B.—Not the Drug Store. Address box 844 New York Post Office.

SURE CURES AT SMALL COST.

DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S Friend, and the infallible remedies for certain diseases. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York, nowhere else. Universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, for the amazing cures they have performed in the worst cases, after all other aid had miserably failed those afflicted

Now used for the above virulent disease, and its disastrous train of symptoms, with a success that astonishes the faculty; far surpassing the tardy operation of other remedies, at the same time that they are also milder than those upon the system itself. The reason is that they exert their whole force upon the disease, which is compelled to give way at once, and the patient suffers nothing, as in other instances, from the remedy that relieves him. Thence the fact that these are now approved above all others.

For certainty and celerity they are unapproached, and for an entire eradication of the subtle seeds of venereal disease nothing else can positively be relied upon. Tested we might almost say in millions of cases, and found to be the only reliable anchor.

While these are an immediate cure for the slighter affections, they are a remedy to which the aggravated forms, as difficult to cure by other treatment as a consumption is, yield easily, and indeed at once. The patient has no more difficulty than with a sore finger, instead of being the prey of a loathsome and continually corroding malady. $1 per vial with a book.

Newark, N. J., July 7th, 1853.

DR. WARE: SIR—I had tried the medicines prescribed by seven different physicians before I applied to you. Your medicines cured me in five days. I can never discharge my obligations to you. W. I.

Upwards of 10,000 cases like the above could be referred to. Others talk Dr. Ward's cures. No failures. His charges are moderate, only for the medecine, $15 to guarantee a cure of Gonorrhœa. The same for curing Syphilis, Seminal Weakness, General Debility Impotence, &c.—Those who cannot afford so much, inclose $10, $5, or $1, according to their ability. $1 per vial. Packages sent to all parts of the world. An answer returned the moment a letter is received. medicines accompanying, all contained in a strong box.

A CURE FOR A CERTAIN DISEASE IMMEDIATELY!—By the newly discovered astounding and unparalleled remedies, the most important Medical Invention relative to the Disorders of Modern Times. Admitted to the most wonderful contributions of science to the cure of disease. DR. WARD'S UNFORTUNATE'S FRIEND, and other amazing remedies. Sold at No. 50 Canal street, New York; nowhere else. Now universally celebrated throughout the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, as the easiest, safest, and speediest remedies discovered for those diseases; cure in 12 hours, if the disease is recent, and never requires more than a few days. To terminate and eradicate thoroughly the most obstinate and protracted discharges from the Urethra, no matter how long its continuance or what may have been tried previously.

These Medicines have been hailed by thousands as the greatest boon to humanity. Married persons in this predicament, especially, and all anxious for a cure, are by these Incomparable Remedies certain of obtaining the same without any delay. A cure guaranteed by their means. Practical directions accompany the Remedies. A Scientific description of the disease is enclosed. $1 per bottle with a book.

CONCLUDING ADVICE TO THE UNFORTUNATE! If you have contracted a certain disease, do not delay a moment, but come, send or write to Dr. Ward, 50 Canal street, New York City. If you want to make sure of a cure, come, send or write. If you are poor, nevertheless, come, send, or write.

In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, strong, not liable to damage or to excite curiosity If anything is broken or damaged, by carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer. Distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.

Patients are requested to be concise, and at the same time minute in the relation of their sexual cases, stating age, the disease, and its duration and symptoms, whether any treatment has been adopted, &c., &c. Out of thousands of letters sent to us annually, by mail, no one has miscarried to our knowledge. Money enclosed in letters is perfectly safe, and is sure to reach us. Letters should be post-paid, and directed to Dr. Thomas Ward, No. 50 Canal street, one door from Broadway, New York.

CURE YOURSELF.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL THERE has existed in large cities and populous towns, a species of disease the dependence and propogation of which, results from the violation of divine and moral laws. To those afflicted the AMERICAN COMPOUND is presented to their notice, as being the most certain, speedy and valuable specific, ever offered to the unfortunate. It has wherever known acquired a reputation, that daily experience continues to strengthen, is not unmerited. Thousands have been cured by its use, and as it leaves no odor on the breath, requires no restriction in diet nor business; contains no *Mercury* or noxious drugs, in the least injurious to the system, it is boldly presented as the best remedy yet discovered. It has long been used in the practice of a Physician, with unfailing success, radically curing ninety-nine out of a hundred cases. It is the best remedy for *Fleur Albus*, Whites, with which thousands of females suffer, without the knowledge of remedy. Full and plain directions for self treatment, are around each bottle. Price $1.

☞ Caution!—Observe that the genuine has the written signature of the proprietor on the wrapper, and name blown in the bottle. For sale by C. H. Ring, No. 192 Broadway, corner of John; W. M. Giles, cor. of Thirteenth and Sixth Avenue; C. B. Cox, No. 10 Eighth Avenue; cor Bleecker and Charles street; cor. of Grand and Bowery; 353 Sixth Avenue; cor. Broadway and thirty-fourth street, New York. No. 49 Fulton street, Brooklyn; French and Richards, cor. Tenth and Market sts., Philadelphia; E. Stahl, Pratt and Charles sts., Baltimore; A. M. Santos & Co., Norfolk; Haviland, Harald & Co., Charleston; T. M. Turner & Co., Savannah; and by druggists, in all the large towns and cities throughout the United States; also San Francisco, California. Price $1 per bottle.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proven at any moment,

He has been in active practice over 25 years, in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, New York, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreaful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.

It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over. apr15 3m

DAGUERREOTYPE HATS.

RAFFERTY & LEASK

are selling their beautiful Drab, Beaver, and Pearl Felt Hats at their usual low prices, or $3 and $ 4; and in addition giving each Customer his likenessin his hat, free of charge. They are the only Hatters in the U. S. that can do this. RAFFERTY & LEASK, No. 57 Chatham-st., opposite Chambers, and on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets.

The French Lunar Pills.

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No. 83 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all SUPPRESSIONS OF IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The PILLS possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION. ☜

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named PILLS, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy for one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their sex. Suppression of the MONTHLY TURNS are now very common to all classes of FEMALES, but more especially to those working in the shops and mills, and when such obstructions have taken place it is no trifling matter to find a MEDICINE that will remove the difficulty.

We are satisfied that in a majority of cases of this complaint the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS are the only medicine that can be relied on, at the same time not exposing the patient to danger; we can therefore conscientiously recommend them to all who may be suffering or require their use. There are many medicines now advertised for similar purposes, but it is needless for us to say to any one who has used them that they are worse than useless.

The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Sir—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison, (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose fairly.

She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficient for my case.

The medicine was accordingly sent, with a request that the lady might communicate the result. In less than a week the following letter was received from the lady's husband:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Dear Sir—The MEDICINES which you sent us on the 17th has had the DESIRED EFFECT. My wife's OBJECT is ACCOMPLISHED.

A lady says "they answered my case finely," a gentleman in Pawtucket, R. I., whose lady had used the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, says, "they are the most wonderful medicine I ever knew." A lady in Bristol, R. I., recently said, "I believe that the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS saved my life, for I tried everything I could think or hear of." The above facts are given only for the right information of the public.

Ladies, we would now offer one word of

CAUTION.

There is now in this and other cities a great number of articles advertised "FEMALES' PILLS," for SUPPRESSIONS, &c., should not be taken at certain times, &c., &c.; but it is sufficient to say that they are mere QUACK NOSTRUMS; whosoever buys them will get wofully deceived.

Be sure then that you obtain the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, which must bear the written signature of the proprietor, D. CUDWORTH, M. D, on the outside of the wrapper. PRICE $3 PER BOX. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. All letters of information must be addressed to D. CUDWORTH, M. D., Providence, R. I. Persons in New York can obtain the PILLS of C. H. RING, 192 Broadway.

N. B.—Any person requiring the Pills in any part of the United States, by directing a letter (post-paid) with the money enclosed, to D. CUDWORTH, M. D Providence, R. I., will receive a box of Pills by return of mail.

Sold in Philadelphia by T. R. CALENDER, No. 88 South-Third-St., opposite the Exchange.

Sportsmen, Californians and others.

Alfred Woodham,

NO. 160 FULTON STREET,

one door West of Broadway,

Opposite "ST. PAUL'S" Church.

Importer and Dealer in Guns, Pistols and Cutlery, is constantly receiving from Manufacturers a full assortment of the above articles, as well as all articles in the Sporting line, viz Dram Bottles, Shot Pouches, Percussion Caps, Gun Wadding, &c. &c. "Colt's" Patent Pistols, Fishing Tackle, &c.

Sole Agent for "Klein's Paten. Primers and Cartridges for Patent Needle Gun.

"Porter's Patent Revolving and Repeating Rifles.

All of which are offered at very low prices The public are invited to call and see for themselves.

FALSTAFF TAVERN,

BY IZZY LAZARUS.

No. 4 James Street,

Two doors from Chatham St., NEW YORK.

Private Lessons given in the Art of Self-Defence at any hour of the day.

M. BALLY'S

ANTIDOTE

AND

GONORRHŒA LOTION,

THE GREAT ORIGINAL FRENCH PREPARATIONS

FOR THE SAFE, SPEEDY, AND EFFECTUAL CURE of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures, Whites, pains in the back and loins, Seminal weakness, and all other DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, without the least restriction to drinks, diet, exposure, or change in application to business. THESE INVALUABLE PREPARATIONS have now been before the public for the past five years, and have become so well and favorably known that they do not require any very elaborate praise. They have been used by thousands throughout the country, and have seldom been known to fail in curing the most stubborn cases. Although there are so many compounds which are daily offered to the public under the name of Mixtures and Specifics, these are the only preparations that have ever been invented which will ensure to the patient a speedy and effectual cure. They are composed of ingredients of the most valuable description known in the Medical world, and are purely of a VEGETABLE nature; and, although powerful, they will not in the least injure the most delicate constitution. They were invented by one of the first and most celebrated Venereal physicians in Paris, after many years study and experience, and since their introduction into the United States, have effected more cures, both of recent cases and those of long standing, than any other medicine of the kind ever offered to the public, gentleman connected with the Western railroad says, "I have expended for other people, during the last three years, over Three Hundred dollars for remedies to cure various Diseases of the Urinary Organs, and I have never found a single article that gave such universal satisfaction as your Antidote and Lotion does. I do not recollect of their ever failing to cure in a single instance. Many have been cured in two or three days.

GONORRHŒA, GLEET, &c.

One gentleman says: "I was troubled with Gonorrhœa and Gleet for nearly two years. I had been under the care of three different Physicians, and had tried every remedy I could hear of, but they had all failed to cure me. I finally saw your advertisement in one of the papers, and was induced to purchase some of your medicine. I used three bottles of each kind, and they entirely cured me. I have not taken any medicine since then, which was about two months ago, and I have had no return of the disease."

They are put up in bottles, accompanied with full directions—the Antidote at $1, and the Lotion 50cts. per bottle. One bottle lasts ten days.

Invented by M. Bally, Physician to the hospital of Paris, and sold wholesale and retail at the principal Depot, 458 Broadway, cor. Grand st., (up stairs).

DUROY & CC

Sole Proprietors, to whom all orders must be addressed. Sold also by E. M. Guion, 127 Bowery; A. & J. Coddington, 715 Broadway; Burr & Perry, Boston; Sibley & Scott, Worcester; O. P. Hewitt, Norwich; W. A. Shelton & Co., Bridgeport; W. B. Haight, New Haven; Charles P. Wells, Hartford; Bliss & Haven, Springfield; Wm. I. Jenison, Albany; H. C. Sheldon, Troy—and by druggists generally throughout the country

GRATIS!

Just Published—A New Discovery in Medicine.

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL Treatment, without Medicine, of Spermatorrhea, or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and the Back, Indisposition and Incapacity for Study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head-Ache, Involuntary Discharges, Pains in the side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

From the French of Dr. B. De Laney:

The important fact that these alarming complaints may be easily removed WITHOUT MEDICINE, is, in this small tract, clearly demonstrated and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly and at the least possible cost, avoiding, thereby, all the advertised nostrums of the day.

Sent, to any address, gratis and post free, in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. De Laney, or Box 109 Broadway Post Office, New York.

$500 REWARD.—JEFFRIES' ANtidote, a Specific Mixture for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures and similar disorders. It makes a speedy cure, without the least restriction of diet, drink, exposure, or change in application to business. The proprietor challenges a single case which the mixture will not cure, under the forfeiture of five hundred dollars. Further—the disease cannot be contracted if a